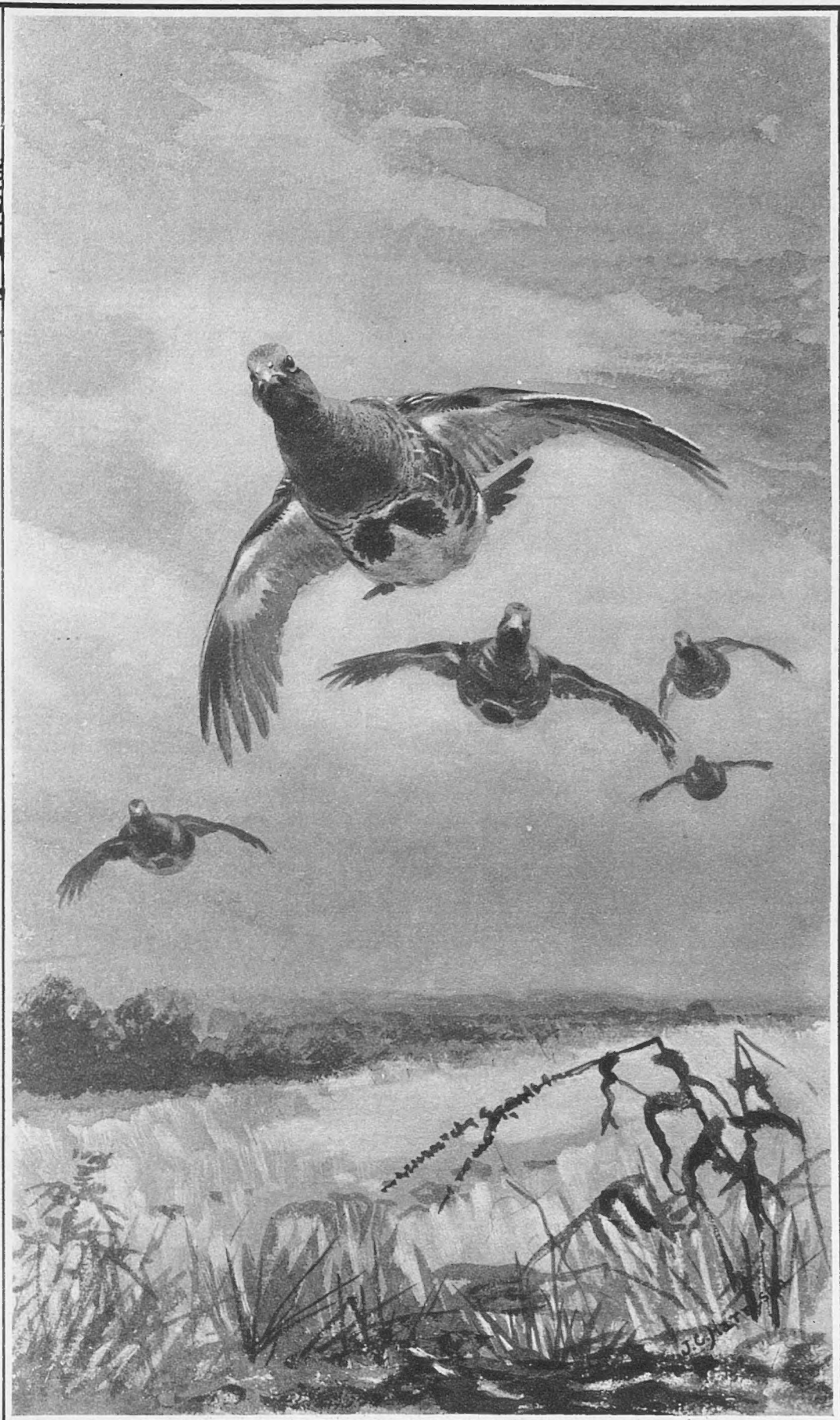


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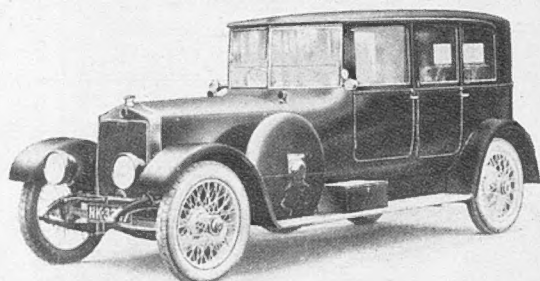
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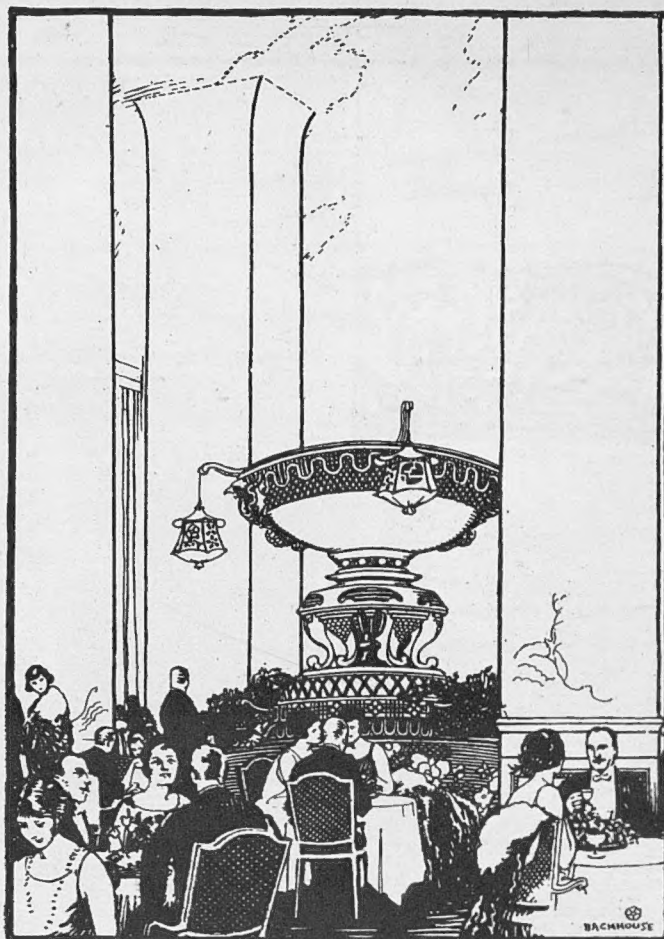
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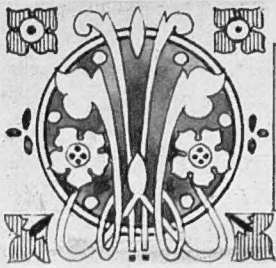
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THE SKETCH



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No. 1620—Vol. CXXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



FROM DRESDEN TO CHELSEA: THE RE-DRESSED PHYLLIS (MISS WINIFRED LAWSON) AND STREPHON (MR. SYDNEY GRANVILLE) IN "IOLANTHE."

"Iolanthe," the first production of the new season of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, was presented last week at the Princes' Theatre, and was enthusiastically received. The new dresses of the fairies are a great feature of the production, as they, and those of Strephon

and his Phyllis, are no longer Dresden china, but Chelsea china. These charming new costumes were designed by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, and carried out under the personal supervision of Mrs. Claud Lovat Fraser, the widow of the famous stage designer.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.- "

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT THE NOBEL PRIZE.

THE question of the award of the Nobel Prize is again to the fore.

Very few people in this country know anything about the Nobel Prize beyond the fact that it is a large sum of money which is suddenly given to somebody for something, and upon which that somebody pays no income tax. He simply swallows the prize whole, and if it disagrees with him, we hear nothing about such a misfortune.

I propose to enlighten the public darkness in respect to this matter. The public may be interested to know that there are several qualifications for the Nobel Prize.

You, my dear friend, may be walking about perfectly qualified to receive this nice large sum of money. But I can assure you that you will never get it unless you let your claim be known.

If it comes to that, you will never get anything unless you let your claim be known; but there we have a wide subject, which cannot be dealt with in a satisfying manner this morning.

Like most of the recipients, we will stick to the Nobel Prize.

Alfred Nobel was a Swedish scientist who conferred upon humanity the enormous benefit of inventing dynamite. He died in 1896, and he was not a poor man. Not poor. He left, in fact, the sum of one million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Whether his conscience smote him, or whether he wished to encourage other scientists to invent even more deadly explosives, it is not for us to decide. The point is that he bequeathed this charming sum to trustees, and the trustees were to give away the interest each year to some deserving person who was willing to accept it.

But what, in the eyes of Alfred Nobel, constituted a deserving person? What had they to do, or have done, for the money?

They had to be people who had "contributed most largely to the common good." Even that, however, left rather a wide field, because the mother of twenty might easily claim that she had contributed most largely to the common good. The field, therefore, was narrowed.

The annual interest on the money was to be divided into five shares—one share to go to a worker in the domain of Physics, another to Chemistry, another to Medicine or Physiology, another to Literature, and another to the Preservation of Peace.

Your appetite being whetted, you will want to know how much each recipient gets. I can tell you that in a trice—about £6500.

Very pleasant. And no income tax on it. Remember that. No nasty deductions at the source. You begin to see that there is something, after all, in being a public benefactor.

Now comes the question, who gives away this money?

A good many people have a say in the matter. If your claim is in the field of Physics or Chemistry, you will be dealt with by the Swedish Academy of Science; if in

The award for Literature has only once been given to an Englishman—namely, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It seems rather queer that in all these years only one English writer should have contributed, in the opinion of the Swedish Academy of Literature, to the common good.

And, if it comes to that, how does a writer contribute to the common good? By making his readers patriotic? By ennobling their thoughts? By making them laugh or cry? By thrilling them?

Maeterlinck has had it. He was a poet. Hauptmann has had it. He was a social reformer. W. B. Yeats has had it. Presumably, and in no way disparaging the works of Mr. Yeats, the Swedish Academy of Literature wished to make a courteous gesture in the direction of the Irish Free State.

For the Preservation of Peace no Englishman, I think, has ever had it. Here again is a strange thing—that the most peace-loving country in the world should not have thrown up one person pre-eminent in the Preservation of Peace. (By which we do not mean a pre-eminent pacifist. We have produced several of those, and they still flourish like the green bay-tree.)

Theodore Roosevelt had the Nobel Prize in 1906 for the Preservation of Peace. And I always thought him such a fierce-looking person. Possibly he preserved peace by looking fierce, and yet they say he was dying to lead a cohort of Americans in the Great War. Anyway, he had the prize.

Woodrow Wilson had it in 1919 for the Preservation of Peace. This, no doubt, was a recognition of his enthusiasm for the League of Nations. But we might have had peace sooner—in fact, there is no doubt we should have had it sooner—if he had not remained so peaceable during the earlier half of the war. Anyway, he had the prize.

And I think that is all I can usefully tell you about the Nobel Prize. I do not find that a need for the money is any qualification. The recipient might be a millionaire, to whom £6500 would be almost an insult; but that, so far as I am aware, would not matter. A rich man might, certainly, refuse it; but we do not often hear of it being refused.

For ourselves, we must just continue to contribute, as far as in us lies, to the common good. Should you wish to submit your qualifications, you must write to Nobel-stiftelsen, Styrelse, Norrlandsgatan 6, Stockholm, Sweden.



THE WIFE OF THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF :
THE COUNTESS OF CAVAN.

Lady Cavan is the beautiful wife of General the Earl of Cavan, K.P., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., who has been Chief of the Imperial General Staff since 1922. She is the daughter of the fifth Earl of Strafford, and married Lord Cavan, as his second wife, in 1922. Lady Cavan's first husband was the late Captain the Hon. A. E. S. Mulholland, and she has a little girl, Miss Daphne Mulholland, born in 1915.

Photograph by C.N.

Medicine or Physiology, by the Stockholm Faculty of Medicine; if in Literature (this is where I hum a tune and look as non-self-conscious as possible), by the Swedish Academy of Literature; if in the Preservation of Peace, by a committee of five persons elected by the Norwegian Storting.

(There was no award for the Preservation of Peace in 1914, 1915, or 1916. I am told that the ex-Kaiser put in a claim, but it was referred back to a sub-committee for investigation, and the sub-committee are still considering the claim).

"The Sketch" Offers £100 for a Simple Poster Design. Full details of this opportunity for artists will be found on Page XII of this issue.

Town and Country Brides: A Trio of Weddings.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: CAPTAIN ALAN A. DURAND, M.C., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS ENID CHAMBERLAIN.



MARRIED AT ALL SAINTS', GRAFTON: CAPTAIN G. SUTHERLAND MACKAY, AND MISS CHRISTINE BOURNE.



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. RUDOLPH DE TRAFFORD AND MISS JUNE CHAPLIN: THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, PAGES, AND BRIDESMAIDS.

Capt. Alan A. Durand is the son of the late Sir Edward Durand. His bride, Miss Enid Chamberlain, is the daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Chamberlain, and of Mrs. Alfred Cole.—Capt. G. Sutherland Mackay, 7th Gurkha Rifles, is the fourth son of the late Rev. S. S. Mackay. His bride, Miss Christine Bourne, is the third daughter of Mrs. Bourne, of Grafton Manor, Watford.—

Miss June Chaplin is the daughter of Lt.-Col. R. Chaplin. Her marriage to Mr. Rudolph de Trafford was celebrated at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bridesmaids were the Misses Vanda Swetenham, Anne and Mary de Trafford, the Hon. Elizabeth Scott-Ellis, Jean Follett, Jean Loder, and Rosalind Cubitt; the pages, Masters Simon Warden, Mark Tennyson, Peter Raben, and Gerald Tennyson.

Photographs by C.N., Elliott and Fry, and L.N.A.

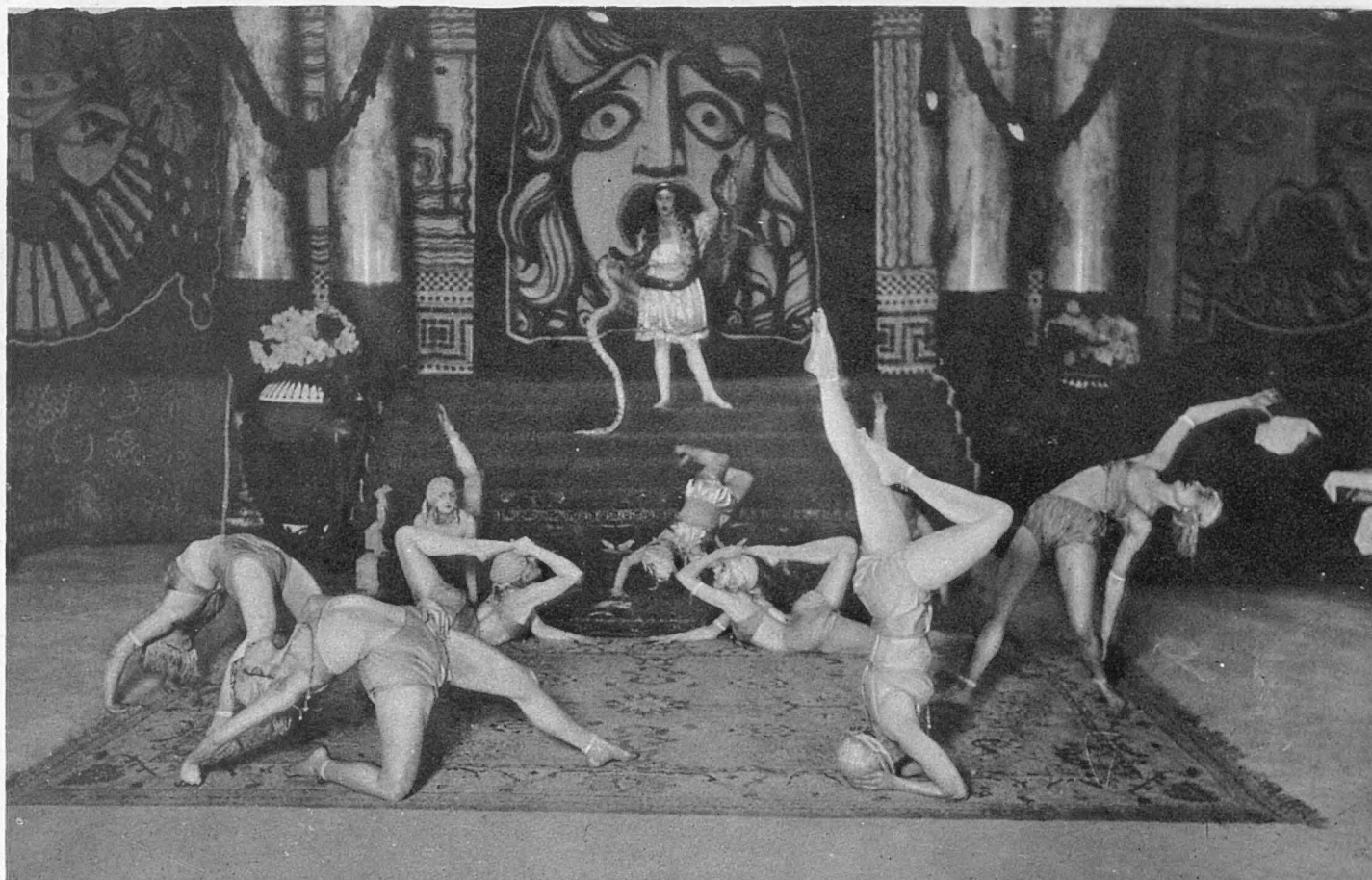
Roman Revels in Nice: The Proconsular Banquet!



WITH THE LEOPARD IN ITS GOLDEN CAGE: A GROUP OF ROMAN REVELLERS.



THE WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST: THE SLAVE AND THE REAL LIVE BEAR.



SHOWING THE SNAKE-CHARMER AND HER PETS: THE BACCHANALE AT ITS HEIGHT.

"The Banquet of the Proconsul," at the Hotel Ruhl, at Nice, was one of the most wonderful galas ever given on the Côte d'Azur, and roused the greatest enthusiasm. M. Paul Tissier, the organiser, managed to create the illusion of a classic banquet with extraordinary skill, and even the waiters who served the dinners wore

classic draperies, and the hotel was transformed into a Roman palace, lit by flaming torches, and guarded by sentinels in armour. The entertainment included a wrestling match between a slave and a real live bear; and there were dances by Greek maidens; a bacchanale; wrestling by Roman gladiators; and the sacrifice of a sheep.

Photographs by Gallery Mosesco.

The Tune Everyone Will Dance To.



THE SONG THAT BRINGS DOWN THE HOUSE! MISS VERA FREEMAN IN "GIGOLETTE"—IN "THE THREE GRACES."

"Gigolette," the wild song and dance, with its catchy fox-trot tune, is the number which draws the greatest enthusiasm from the audiences who go to the Empire to see "The Three Graces"; and Miss Vera Freeman, who plays Tutu in the production, and Mr. Johnny Dooley,

who takes the part of Bouquet, have made a very big hit with this Apache "scena." "Gigolette" is the tune which will set us all dancing this year; and it is certainly a ragtime melody which, in the words of Burns, is well able to "put life and mettle in our heels."

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

HUNTING has been interfered with by foot-and-mouth disease; some of us are tired of Mah Jongg; and the end of the holidays brought many winter-sports enthusiasts home from Switzerland: so Society is free to enjoy the new game—that of turning the Red Flag Pink!

It is an entertaining pastime, this latest of our preoccupations. One would have thought that the advent of a Labour Government to power would have forced Society either to take up a lofty attitude of disdain,

fairly loom, yet it is quite substantial, and drapes beautifully. It is slightly caught up at the left side in the newest way, and has just one narrow row of orange-blossom buds on the rounded décolletage, while the sleeves are of the long, tight kind. If the bride's dress be simple, though, the pages are elaborate enough. They will be very magnificent little mortals in pink velvet Court suits, with cream satin breeches and waistcoats; while the seven bridesmaids are to have short pink velvet frocks, with full skirts and vandyked points at the waist and sleeves.

As for the wedding-presents for our latest Countess-to-be, they are still coming in steadily. Miss Wilson has decided to go away in the lovely mink coat given by Mrs. James Corrigan; and her gifts include diamond-and-ruby earrings from her mother, and a cheque from Lord Nunburnholme; but I think that the most exciting and original gift is that from her grandmother, the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, who went off to Paris last week. This consists of yards and yards of specially woven brocade to adorn the drawing-room at Shillinglee Park, Lord Winterton's place at Chiddingfold. It is in mandarin yellow, and is to panel the room and make curtains for it.

Dancing at clubs is supposed rather to reduce the popularity of fox-trotting at restaurants, but there are always plenty of well-known people to be seen at the Berkeley, where Jacob's little band never plays the "Blues" unless

specially asked to do so. I don't think we shall ever take to this dance, any more than we did to the tango. It is supposed to be a languorous, enchanting affair, but most of us find it a trifle depressing! But to return to the Berkeley. That indefatigable dancing man, Lord Inverclyde, was dining and fox-trotting there, the other evening; and so were Lady Craven, Lord Romilly, and Priscilla Lady Annesley, whose rows of pearls and wonderful classical features are always so much admired. There's a lovely new salad at the Berkeley, too, called Ivy salad; but you needn't expect to find any leaves from that gloomy dark-green creeper in it!

The christening of the Chaplin grandchild, which took place at the old church down on Chelsea Embankment, was quite an important gathering; and the principal personage was by no means the only baby there, for prams and nurses were quite a feature of the proceedings. Lady Ednam's little curly-haired boy, the baby's own brother, Master Harry Hoare, and one of the Londonderry children were all to be seen. Mrs. Hoare looked very nice in her black

frock and tightly wound black turban toque, with its brush-osprey sticking out pertly at one side. She grows more and more like her sister, Lady Londonderry, and has just the same unaffected charm.

The after-the-christening tea-party was a delightful affair at Major and Mrs. Hoare's house in Devonshire Terrace; but there was nothing formal about it, as the guests were mostly children. By the way, I was very much struck by one of the congregation. She was clad in violet, literally from head to foot—violet frock and hat, ditto shoes and stockings. Is this to be the very latest vogue, I wonder?

And when one is on the subject of christenings, there are several to take place during the next few weeks. Lady Manton has a wee son, who will probably be made into a little Christian up at Compton Verney; young Lady Carnarvon is another mother; and yet a third important infant is the little son of Lord and Lady Spencer, who is now over a month old. Lady Doris Vyner, and the Duchesa del Monte, who was formerly Miss Ballard Smith, have little daughters, whose christening ceremonies are to be in London churches.



1. Having arrived safely in Switzerland, Aunt Babsie decides that skating is not for her. She can never hope to emulate the professional performances of Mr. Hildebrand.

or frankly to "go red" and announce that, after all, "one must move with the times!" The ingenious members of *ce beau monde où l'on s'amuse* have, however, found a third course, and the correct gesture of the moment is to insist that the new occupants of Ministerial offices and mansions really have a good deal of unexpected *chic*. In fact, they are perfectly good, bourgeois folk. "Miss Ishbel Macdonald, grand-niece of the late Lord Kelvin," is a phrase which gives the key of the situation.

But politics are a dull study—even when viewed with a frivolous eye—so let's think of more entertaining things! One morning last week, I met Lady Nunburnholme, on her way home from a shopping expedition. She was carrying her own parcels and walking towards Berkeley Square, looking particularly charming in the light shade of tobacco-brown which is so becoming to fair women. I was taken back to the house, where the reception will be held after Miss Monica Wilson's marriage to Lord Winterton, on the 28th, and met the bridegroom on the wide oak staircase. He was very busy packing, or unpacking—I don't know which—but his bride-elect was out on one of her fitting expeditions; for, in spite of her trip to Paris, she has bought many of her things in London.

Miss Wilson's wedding-dress is exquisite. Made from the new satin with a silver backing, it literally shines like material woven on a



2. And she is terribly offended by some elderly gentlemen who kindly offer to give her a curling lesson. They cannot surely mistake her for an old lady, and expect her to join in this sport of the mature.

As for another wedding of the future, Lady Somers has been busy looking for a house in town from which her sister, Miss

Viola Meeking, may be married, and has almost decided on Lady Bingham's, in Hertford Street. If she takes it, it will be just for a fortnight—a very short lease—as it is only required for last-shopping purposes and to hold a wedding reception in. As Miss Meeking's mother, Mrs. Herbert Johnson, died from sleeping sickness some two years ago, Lady Somers is taking things in hand for her elder sister. None of the family are town folk, though, and Mrs. Johnson never "did" more London than to take a house for the season, although all her sisters,

being a Roman Catholic and the bride of the reformed faith. Lady de Trafford came with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford, and, as usual, wore black—I never remember having seen her wear anything else—with one of her favourite little "perky" hats adorned with a brush osprey. The bridesmaids distributed favours of white heather—but why did not someone with a great brain for organisation explain that, if all start at the very top of the church, the result must be some overlapping and no favours for those at the back? I have noticed that the same thing always happens at weddings.

By the way, how admirably the small people behaved, although the extreme youth of some of the attendants necessitated their being escorted up the aisle by their mammas. Lady Wilton was explaining to all her friends that, as her boy John had a temperature of 101, his place as page had been taken by a little friend. Mr. and Mrs. Roland Cubitt were in attendance on their three-year-old Rosalind, and Major and Mrs. Tennyson were looking after their two boys. Mrs. Tennyson, by the way, was wearing the very latest thing in the way of a row of fantastically large pearls, tied tightly round her throat with a little bow of baby ribbon. Mrs. Cubitt was almost hidden by her immense black hat—an extremely quaint model with a huge brim at each side, but scarcely any at the back or front.

Seaford House was none too large for the de Trafford-Chaplin wedding reception, and there was a dense crush round the jewels, which included the lovely crystal-and-diamond watch pendant from the bridegroom. It has an intriguing scroll on it, which might be a monogram of the modern "unreadable" kind or an Egyptian hieroglyphic for luck—we could not decide which it was.

The reception was a great success, and the young couple had to run the gauntlet of a shower of curiously shaped silver confetti cast on them from the top of the stairs. They left the house simply smothered in the stuff.

Such a lot of playgoing this last week, and two productions showing a man in love with a girl without knowing it. In "The Eternal Spring," the husband finds he is in love with his wife when she runs away from him; and in the Clemence Dane one the boulderish young hero is violently slapped by the heroine and promptly falls into her arms. So, if you hear of eligible young men being violently assaulted by their spinster friends, why, you must remember that this is Leap Year—and that the dramatists have given a new suggestion for bringing a young man up to the scratch.

As for the *première* of "The Way Things Happen," the very smartly dressed audience applauded warmly at the close. How much more important feminine applause is now that we don't wear gloves and aren't ashamed of enthusiasm! There were more women wearing coats than I've seen for many a long evening. Miss Marie Löhr had the most covetable one of all—a straight, loose one made in a heavy silk, striped with rose red and black, and woven with a golden thread. She had a head-band to match the coat—an excellent notion for theatre wear. Miss Marie

Tempest followed the same idea the night I saw her at the jolly dress rehearsal of "The Green Room Rag." Her wide bandeau was wreathed with platinum flowers, and her cloak was of blue and platinum brocade.

What excitement at the opening night of the Gilbert and Sullivan season! "Iolanthe" was a delight, and I liked the new costumes immensely. The fairies in crinolines festooned with draperies, and with "black satin" hair smoothed down into chignons, might have stepped out of the Keepsake Albums of Victorian days.

But the real fun of the D'Oyly Carte first nights is in the audience. Exchanging reminiscences and greetings and spotting celebrities kept most people busy during the interval. There were lots of celebrities to spot, and many more interesting men than are usually to be found at the theatre. The Princess Royal was in the Royal Box, and Lady Dorothy D'Oyly Carte, wearing a silver gown and high Russian bandeau, in another. Her husband, as usual, kept well behind the curtains. The Churstons, she looking very pretty and girlish, with her bright gold hair bobbed, were with them. Lady Gilbert, white-haired and bright-eyed, was in the next one with her friend, Miss Mackintosh. She has come up for the season from her country place, Grim's Dyke. In the stalls were Mme. Suggia, Arnold Bennett, Percy Pitt, Herman Finck, Sir Milsom Rees, Sir Anderson Critchett, and Sir Ernest Wild. There were rapturous greetings for the former members of the company as they came to their seats, and an especially warm and well-deserved one for Miss Jessie Bond, who used to create the soubrette parts in the old days at the Savoy.

And the week ended with our fright about the World's Most Popular Young Man taking a toss when exercising one of his hunters at Billington Manor early in the morning. However, we were all thankful to hear that the Prince of Wales had only broken his collar-bone "as slightly as is possible," and will soon



3. So she joins a bob-sleigh crew . . .

including Lady Blythwood, Lady Leighton, Mrs. Speirs, and Mrs. Miller have homes in town.

Lady Mullens' recent dance for her girl was such a success that I hear she is likely to give several other small ones. The house in Belgrave Square, which used to belong to the Pembrokes, lends itself well to entertaining, and, what is more, has been done up most beautifully. Lady Mullens' own bed-room is one of the most charming imaginable. It is furnished in French style, and the bed is adorned with draperies—they are far too ethereal to be called curtains—of saxe-blue chiffon over a backing of shot pink-and-blue taffetas. As for the bath-room, it is a dream of loveliness, and is surely apt to make one late for everything, as it must be impossible not to linger in its gorgeous black marble and jade-green luxury! As a final touch, it has bottles and bowls of rich, ruby-red glass to hold the bath-salts, lotions, and powders.

I have seldom seen St. James's, Spanish Place, as crowded with wedding guests as it was for the marriage of Mr. Rudolph de Trafford and Miss June Chaplin. Quite a number of late-comers had to be content with back seats, Lady Portman being among these. The effect of dressing bride and attendants practically all alike in silver tissue was very successful, and the wreaths of red roses worn by the small girls made just the necessary break; but the idea of having the little things in very long-waisted frocks was perhaps a trifle bizarre, as their sashes were tied such a short way above their knees that the skirts were scarcely more than eight inches deep. The effect was really that of a little-boy tunic.

The actual ceremony was very short, as the marriage is a mixed one, the bridegroom



4. . . . Which comes down in record time, Aunt Babsie having taken so much room that she sat upon the brakes; so, naturally, they could not be applied at all.

be fit again; but the accident must be terribly annoying for him, as he had intended to ride in the Billington Steeplechases; and, of course, even the least of collar-bone breaks is a matter of some three weeks. MARIEGOLD.

Good Sport at the Recently Revived Chelmsford Meeting.



Mr. & Mrs.
Frank
Gilbey.



Miss Barbara Willis & Mrs. Prioleau



Maj. Ingham
& Mrs. Poole.



Capt. & Mrs. Fleming & Mr. R.H. Kemp



Miss Logan
& Miss M. Squire



The Misses V. & C. Robinson.



Mrs. Ingham & Miss M. Poole.



Mr. A.C. Wilson & Miss Tennant



Mr. & Mrs. Percival
Dingley.

SOME OF THE MANY WHO WENT TO GALLEYWOOD COMMON: SNAPSHOTS FROM A ONE-DAY FIXTURE.

The recently revived one-day meeting held at Galleywood Common, hard by the county town of Essex, is becoming a very popular one; and, in spite of the threatening weather, a large company assembled

for the steeplechases. The going was far less yielding than at recent meetings, and good sport was enjoyed. Our snapshots show some of the sportsmen and sportswomen who attended the meeting.

'Chasing at Ludlow: Snapshots from the Meeting.

Captain and
Mrs. Evans
and Mr. & Miss
Rogers.



Mrs. Hoare,
Mr. O. Anthony
and Mrs. Huntriss.



Lady Ursula Grosvenor & Mr. Jack Anthony.



Mrs. T. Sutton, Mrs. Smart & Capt. R.R. Smart
(Hon.)



Mr. & Miss Usher.



Mr. Cook and Mrs. Webb.

INTERESTING SPORT AND MANY VISITORS: WHO'S WHO AT THE LUDLOW RACES.

Visitors appeared at Ludlow in considerable force, and saw some interesting sport, although the hardworking backers suffered some severe rebuffs! Our snapshots show some of the well-known members of sporting Society who were to be seen at the meeting. Lady

Ursula Grosvenor is the lovely elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster, and of Constance Duchess of Westminster, and is a keen sportswoman. Mr. Jack Anthony is the well-known steeplechase rider. He won the Beginners' Steeplechase at Ludlow on Don.

Photographs by S. and G.



Ripples from the Riviera: All That's New Under the Sun.

By MARTHE TROLY CURTIN, Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

I SUPPOSE the Grand Dukes are very "fed up" about it—if one can use such a familiar expression in relation to exalted personages! You can't expect them to be pleased. How would you like to see yourself multiplied by at least ten, studied, imitated, in your clothes, your speech, your mannerisms—even in your pet names?

That's what is happening to Grand Dukes this year on the Riviera. Last Sunday night, at the dance at the Hôtel de Paris, there were, besides the Duke of Connaught, four perfectly authentic Grand Dukes. No doubt, the white-and-gold room of the Hôtel de Paris has a pleasanter atmosphere than has white-and-red present-day Russia; but the amusing part of it is that wherever else you go on the Riviera, especially where Society sups and dances, "Russian Princes" in thin—very thin—incognito are as plentiful as, say, professional dancers; in fact, many of them are professional dancers. Bolsheviks have a great deal to answer for. They have given birth to a self-named, brand-new nobility who leave the credulous gaping at the presentation of Russian "aristocracy." The number of the Bolsheviks' victims is comfortably growing daily. No wonder the Grand Dukes are annoyed. It is no good arguing that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Imitation has a cheapening effect; I hear that the Grand Dukes (the authentic ones) are seriously thinking of giving up dancing; thus leaving the trade-mark to the others.

Fortunately, we women cannot be copied as easily as men; we have more personality—though some *couturiers* are most disloyal, and use the words "exclusive model" in a reprehensibly light sense! Still, there is something about a woman, especially a beautiful woman, that not every other can copy. That's what lots of us were thinking the other afternoon at the Café de Paris when we stared—yes, I am afraid we all stared—at beautiful Mme. Fahmy, sitting quietly sipping her tea at a table for two, with a much-envied male escort. She did not dance, her voice was soft, her gestures were rare, her sable coat and large brown hat were in the soberest taste. But her face and her pearls were Mme. Fahmy's, and the women around suddenly felt insignificant.

Speaking of beautiful women, it's a pity that beauty competitions are so seldom international, and a pity there is no census, or statistics—or whatever you like to call these things with figures in them—dealing with

beautiful faces (by "figures" I meant numerals; but, now that I think it over, I mean it literally too). I believe Englishwomen would head the Beauty List. I always thought so; but, now I have seen how the other day Ivy Duke was practically mobbed in Nice, I know. She is the ideal type of the English *belle*, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and slender, and whenever she took her constitutional on the Promenade des Anglais—a well-earned rest from strenuous studio work—every eye followed the slim silhouette in the white suit, trimmed with white fox, and hatted with a boyish, red, mushroom hat.

As you know, Society in Nice makes it a point to sit on a fine day on the Promenade with its back to the sea, so as to see the procession of the Smart and the Snob. Generally it is a mistake in values, but on such days as Ivy Duke strolled by there was at least some excuse for so much *lèse majesté*. Unlike *nous autres*, lazy idlers, the film star

where every climatic effect can be obtained? So it can on the Riviera, with the greatest mixture of natural and human elements ever met anywhere. Mountains and Mammon, the sea and Society, golden gardens and the gamblers, country and Casino, mediæval ruins and the smartest shops, the sun and snow-capped summits—even the rain. Oh, how it can rain on the Riviera in November! It is a country of contrasts. So far, the film has made very little use of its resources.

Another screen star who vastly contributed to the liveliness of the *Nice qui s'amuse* was Rodolph Valentino. Before his departure for America, he was a well-known figure at the Negresco, where on a gala night his impromptu burlesque of a Toreador—for stage props, a table-cloth as a cape and a bread-basket as a hat—convulsed the visitors. His beautiful wife, always in the latest creations, was the subject of much feminine

envy—to be beautiful, to be young, to be divinely dressed, to be rich, to have a devoted father, and to be the wife of Rodolph Valentino! It is to be hoped that, to appease the gods, Mrs. Valentino lost much at the tables!

A great event in the dancing world is the engagement of Leonora Hughes and Maurice to dance for one night only at the Negresco in a few weeks. It is their first appearance on the Riviera—professionally. I use the words "dancing world," but the whole world on the Azure Coast either loves dancing or loves watching. The Duke of Westminster, who does both, is being very much missed at the Café de Paris and the Carlton. I saw the Duchess dancing there the other night; and Ted Trevor and Dina Harris, who are giving

exhibitions at the former place. The famous Westminster emeralds, even in that *milieu* of bejewelled women, always get their share of admiration, their beauty being all the better set off by the black or dark evening dresses favoured by the Duchess.

W. J. Locke and his wife are other devotees of dancing, bringing with them merry little parties to the Negresco, Nice, at every gala night.

In fact, dancing has taken a hold on all sorts and conditions of men, the sporting element included. The brothers Frank and Hubert Hartigan, the well-known trainers who have had in ten years an almost incredible number of winners, had the real thrill of their lives the other night, according to Hubert, when he won the fox-trot competition at the Café de Paris. You never saw a happier pair! We so love to succeed in anything else but our own department.



THE DOLLY GIRLS OF "DOLLY'S REVELS": ARTISTES OF THE NEW CABARET SHOW AT THE PICCADILLY.

"Dolly's Revels," a cabaret show devised and staged by Edward Dolly, is the latest attraction of the Piccadilly Hotel. The artistes who appeared at the first performance included Miss Norah Blaney and Miss Gwen Farrar, the Forde Sisters, Mr. Bobby Blythe, and also the Dolly Girls, who are shown in our photograph.—[Photograph by C.N.]

has been here on work bent, playing opposite Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese screen actor, in "The Great Prince Shan."

Sessue Hayakawa is sadly unlucky at the tables, and he lost night after night—huge sums, for, as you know, his salary is truly "princely"—with on his face that perpetual and polite Eastern smile, the smile that won't come off. Used as they are to all sorts of types and all sorts of attitudes, yet the habitués of the Casino watched him, with fascinated interest, lose serenely—they were perhaps secretly hoping to be treated one fine evening to an exhibition of *hara-kiri*! The great actor, however, does not contemplate trying to amuse the public—out of business hours!

Isn't it surprising, by the way, that during all these years of film history the Riviera has not become, for French and Italian producers at least, the rival to Los Angeles,

Where One May Bask in February Sunshine.



With Lady Kilmarnock: the Hon. Rosemary Hay (left)



Gen. the hon. Sir William Lambton, Lady de Bathe and Mrs. Lofthouse.



Better known as Miss Gertrude Millar: Mrs. Monckton.



Mrs. Pollitt, Maj. Pollitt, Lord Nunburnholme.



At the Club House, Cannes: Princess Ghika, Mrs. Converse & Prince Said Halim of Egypt.



Strolling in the sun: Lord & Lady Edward Grosvenor.



Outside the Casino: Mr. & Mrs. Clement Hobson.



At the Polo Club, at Mandelieu: Miss Alwyne Pratt.



With Lady de Frece (Miss Vesta Tilley): Sir Walter de Frece.

Major-General the Hon. Sir William Lambton, K.C.B., etc., is one of the seven brothers of the Earl of Durham, and is a very distinguished soldier.—Lady de Bathe was formerly Mrs. Langtry.—Miss Alwyne Pratt is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Spencer Pratt, of Broom Hall, Shooter's Hill.—Lady Kilmarnock is the wife of Lord Kilmarnock, son of the Earl of Errol. She is the only daughter of Sir Allan

Mackenzie, second Baronet; and the Hon. Rosemary Hay is her only girl.—Lord Edward Grosvenor is the youngest son of the first Duke of Westminster, and the uncle of the present holder of the title. Lady Edward Grosvenor is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Kenmare.—Miss Vesta Tilley, the famous music-hall artist, is, in private life, Lady de Frece, the wife of Colonel Sir Walter de Frece.

Photographs by Navello and Marcel Le Noir.

INCLUDING PRINCE HENRY: SOME OF



Captain and Mrs. Beech.



Mrs. Lucas (left)
and Mrs. Frank Brown.



Mrs. Jackson
Miss Jackson & Mrs. D. Wade.



Mrs. Fielden
and Mrs. Spencer.



Prince Henry.



Lady Ebrington
& Mrs. Smith-Ryland.

OVER THE STICKS AT WARWICK: THE BIG CROWD

A very large number of visitors, who included Prince Henry, attended the race meeting at Warwick last week. The weather was dull, and the going not particularly good; but the hunting people all seemed very happy. Lady Ebrington is the wife of the elder son of Earl Fortescue,

THE PEOPLE WHO WENT TO WARWICK.



Mrs. Willfred Holden and
Mr. H. P. Hordern.



Miss Peyton
and Miss K. S. Barker.



Capt. C. W. Barnes
and Mrs. P. Vernon.



Miss North, Miss Fielden
& Miss Evitt.



The Hon. Sylvia Portman
& Mrs. Holbeach.



Major and
Mrs. Wheatley.

OF HUNTING FOLK WHO ATTENDED THE MEETING.

and is the daughter of the first Lord Allendale. She was married in 1917. The Hon. Sylvia Portman is the second daughter of Lord Portman; and Mrs. Lucas is the sister of Lady Dean Paul, and a daughter of Wieniawski, the composer.—[Photographs by T.P.A. and I.B.]



Mr. Arthur Collins.

The retirement from Drury Lane of Mr. Arthur Collins leaves a gap in the theatre world—I was almost saying in the general life of London. Mr. Collins for years has been a sort of institution.

The Drury Lane public is supposed to be a public apart, because, whatever fresh form of entertainment is introduced, Old Drury patrons on the whole prefer strong-blooded drama. But people who assert that this established preference makes a Drury Lane audience something by itself should remember that strong drama has always been in the hearts of the people from Biblical times onward; and surely the explanation of the continued success of typical Drury Lane drama is because all the time new generations of audiences are being born. Grown-ups who spend most of their existence in the West End may become sophisticated; the circle of people who see every stage venture that is produced may want something bizarre or precious; but these people do not form the great paying public which continuously is being recruited from the rising generation. While life exists the demand for dramatic representation of heroism, strong emotion, swift surprise, and broad, simple humour must remain. And no one has better understood this than Mr. Arthur Collins.

You will find, too, that visitors to London, people from small country places who rarely have a chance to visit the theatre, have always formed a large portion of the audience at a Drury Lane drama. Another proof of Mr. Collins's understanding of his public.

Until 6 a.m. Mr. Collins has suffered many years from gout. How many times have we seen him, limping on a stick, come out from the wings after the first night performance of a drama or a pantomime to take his call, pain in every movement, but a whimsical twinkle in his eye. It is gout that has had something to do with his decision to retire. Maybe he will find himself able to continue theatrical work less exacting than that required of him at Old Drury. Everyone hopes so; but, even if his vast experience and his genius for giving the public the drama they want is to have no further outlet, he will remain one of the best-liked figures of theatrical life, one of the most amusing raconteurs of real experiences known to Bohemian London for years past.

Mr. Collins is a man who has never liked seeking an early couch. With a few boon companions to talk to, he is ready most times to sit up until 3 a.m., and later. For years 3 a.m. or 4 a.m. was his regular hour for going to bed. Once at Dieppe he kept his friends up several mornings running until 6 a.m.

"Why, Arthur," said a new arrival, "when you are in London you never allow people to get to bed till 4 o'clock. I should have thought, while you are here, that you would be trying to get more rest."

"But I am on holiday now," replied Mr. Collins. And he settled down to a string of yarns that again carried the clock hands towards 6 a.m.

A Phil May Story. Mr. Collins has some skill with brush and pencil. The late Phil May was one of his closest

friends. Once a Frenchman came over from Paris purposely to find out Phil May, and he met him when the celebrated *Punch* artist was in the Eccentric Club with Mr. Collins.

Phil May at once introduced Mr. Collins as Phil May, and the Frenchman proceeded



AFTER HIS DASH TO SWITZERLAND TO JOIN HIS WIFE: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND HIS SON.

Mr. Cyril Maude—who received the news of his wife, Miss Winifred Emery's serious illness in Switzerland when he was appearing in the successful American production of "Aren't We All?"—hurriedly left the States to be by his wife's side at St. Moritz. Fortunately, however, Mrs. Maude took a turn for the better, and was stated to be out of danger before her husband reached her; so the famous actor was able to enjoy some winter-sporting when he arrived in Switzerland.

to ascertain the views of Mr. Collins on art and humour.

Pleased as a child with his manœuvre, Phil May told the Frenchman, "You ought



PUTTING THE MONEY ON AT THE ST. MORITZ SKI-JÖRING MEETING: THE TOTALISATOR.

Betting at the St. Moritz ski-jöring meeting is by the totalisator—it will be noticed that the prices are in German.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Edward E. Long.

to get Mr. May to do a caricature of me—Arthur Collins."

Mr. Collins did a caricature, and the Frenchman bore it away to France, and that drawing was reproduced in a French illustrated paper as being the work of Phil May, and, as far as I remember, was handsomely praised.

The Clubman. By Beveren.

There was a sequel to this bit of practical joking. The Frenchman came again to London, and this time, being taken into Drury Lane, found Mr. Collins directing a rehearsal. That brought from him exclamations of amazement at the versatility of Mr. Phil May, and it became a little difficult to explain the trick that had been played upon him. That was in the days when practical joking was a very common thing indeed in London town.

Off to the Hunt.

What with the incorporation into one body of the three branches of the Royal Artillery, and the new training that links up tanks, aircraft, artillery, and infantry into much more direct co-operation than was the case during the war, present-day soldiering has become a busy occupation indeed. But your most dashing type of soldier never neglects a day's hunting when he gets the chance.

A friend of mine had to call on a commanding officer a few days ago. He found him in hunting kit, but with certain duties to carry out before he left for the meet. One of these duties was that of dealing with a couple of privates brought before him for some alleged offence. He asked the prisoners if they objected to his hearing their case while he was in mufti. Strictly speaking, he was acting against regulations; but the men only grinned. They knew him to be a good sport, and said they would prefer their case to be dealt with there and then.

The Duke of Westminster's Yacht.

Probably for the first time in his life Sir Gerald du Maurier has had to face a booing gallery, after one of his own productions in his own theatre.

The cause, according to the voices from up above at Wyndham's Theatre, was too high prices in the gallery.

Sir Gerald possesses aplomb, and, of course, he pacified the malcontents; he promised that the grievance should be remedied.

Sir Gerald has come back recruited in health and spirits by a holiday on the Riviera.

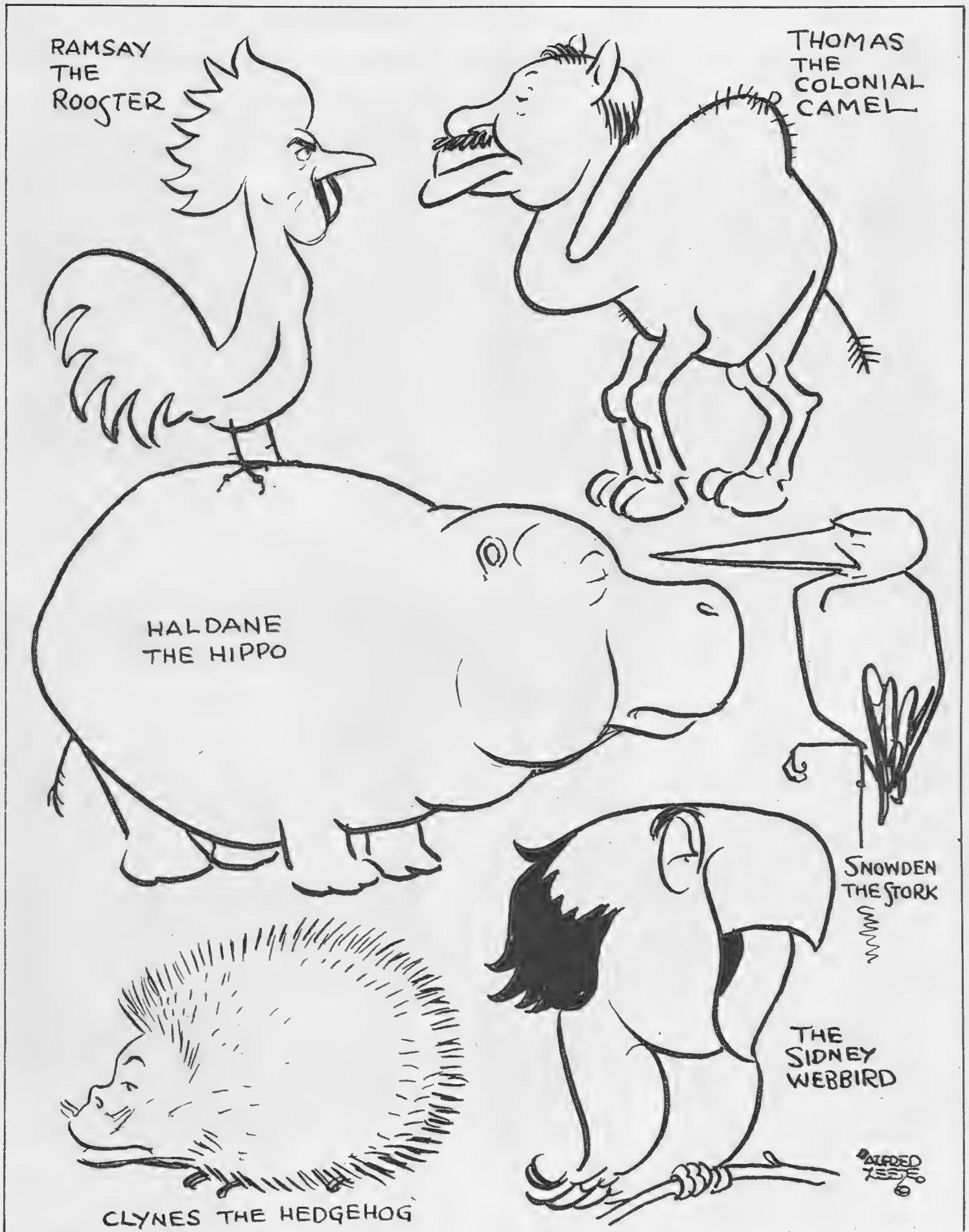
One of his impressions of that visit was of the Duke of Westminster's yacht, the four-master schooner that is wonderful because it is fitted internally like a Tudor mansion, with a noble staircase and some magnificent panelling.

The Maskelyne Trick Jug.

There is an illusionist appearing at Maskelyne's Theatre, Mr. Oswald Williams, who uses a trick jug for one of his feats. It is a beautifully made jug, and contains some very intricate mechanism.

The other night the jug was missing. Search was made everywhere, but it could not be found. Suddenly the dresser came into Mr. Williams's dressing-room carrying the jug. It was full of beer. The man had been to a neighbouring public-house to get a drink for some thirsty person—very likely himself.

Mr. Williams sent him away on another mission. When he came back there was no beer in the jug. "I explained," said Mr. Williams, "that it was a trick jug, but I used no trick to remove the beer. I drank it myself—because I had got so hot and bothered looking for that jug."



WHO'S ZOO IN THE NEW GOVERNMENT

DRAWN—WITH APOLOGIES—BY ALFRED LEETE.

A Novice in Switzerland.

Delights of Sleighing.

Pontresina is ideally situated for most delicious sleigh drives, which are a great joy to those who are not active enough or sufficiently energetic for the more strenuous forms of winter sport. So picturesque the sleighs are, painted either bright red or blue, smothered in fur rugs; and the horses—a jolly good stamp, by the way—are well cared for, and turned out with gay plumes on their heads and harness; all wear collars of bells. Lots have several luges toiling on behind, and "four-in-hand" sleighs are quite a fine sight. This form of pleasure is terrifically popular with very "weighty" Germans, who don't seem anxious to "bant" or reduce their girth.

The St. Moritz Races.

For the races on Sunday last there was a veritable Derby Day exodus from Pontresina to St. Moritz, which is only three or four miles away. Every four-horse, two-horse, one-horse—not forgetting one-mule—sleigh was booked for miles around; and heaps of people went over by train as well. The racecourse was crowded, and everyone seemed to enjoy himself enormously. The chief event of the day was won by the French jockey, Macgee, who just beat the well-known first jockey to Gilpin's stable, George Archibald, from Newmarket. When "official" races were finished, a most amusing "unofficial" race was got up. The competitors—Georges Carpentier, the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, Captain Eric MacKenzie, Captain "Tommy" Graves, and Miss Flannery—drew lots for mounts, which were, to put it mildly, rather hair-trunks; and the only one that might have relations in the "Book" was drawn by Miss Flannery. Her mount was so eager to show his "blood," he did not wait for the starter, and had a run on his own half-way down the course. Lady and horse being retrieved, the starter got them off, and, needless to say, the gallant lady was an easy winner! No nasty handicappers here!

The Auction for the Curzon Cup Sweep.

Later on there was great fun and excitement over the selling of the sweepstake for the Curzon Cup, to be run for the following two days. This event is, of course, the Derby of the tobogganing world, and takes place on the famous Cresta Run.

Captain Tommy Graves was asked to act as auctioneer, and was terribly amusing. There was great bidding for the favourite, Mr. N. Marsden, Lord Grimthorpe eventually securing him. The second favourite was Mr. Alec Wilson—also sold at a high price. Afterwards, lots of people went on to the very delightful and cleverly got-up *tableaux vivants* at the Palace. Mrs. Forester Agar was, I believe, mainly responsible for their success.

The Derby of the Cresta.

Monday and Tuesday, crowds gathered along the famous Cresta to see the competition for the Curzon Cup. One has

heard so much of this run and the races; but never till one sees for oneself can one imagine how thrilling it is, or the amount of nerve, courage, and skill needed to take those awful banked turns at about sixty miles an hour. No wonder they wear padded elbow-caps, knee-caps, and helmets! Standing alongside the run, about half-way down, you hear a bell go and can see an object flashing down towards you with a whizz; and he is gone round the bend and is at the end of the track before you can turn round. The favourite, N. Marsden, won the Cup, Lord Grimthorpe being second; so it was certainly his day out, having bought the winner in the sweep and getting second as well!

It was awfully cold watching the race—much stamping of feet; and even the prettiest and best-powdered noses were various shades of red, blue, and mouse! A sharp wind made us thankful to betake ourselves to

a smart brooch or pin. For pretty women and young, yes; but for those with weak or tired eyes, *no*. It is trying, and I "hae ma doots" if many will follow the fashion; though Lady Blandford and her sister, and Lady Mary Thynne looked quite delightful in theirs.

Of course, St. Moritz is more like "Paris in the Alps." So funny it seems to tramp along the snow-covered streets in heavy snow or ski boots, and see the shops, which would do credit to Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix. Frocks and flowers in plenty. The flower-shops, full of mauve lilac and lilies and roses, somehow seemed out of the picture—with icicles a yard long hanging to the eaves of the windows.

Advice to Other Novices.

Before saying good-bye to Switzerland, I'm going to advise all who haven't been there yet to become members of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club, 2, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly; and their year book will be an immense guide and help to the ignorant. A second bit of advice is: don't try and teach yourself ski-ing; otherwise, great may be your troubles and trials, to say nothing of the chances of dislocations and sprains. If you learn from a great master of the art, such as Vivian Caulfield, or any other expert, you will enjoy your holiday and learn in half the time. As someone remarked, it's a lot pleasanter and more to the point to pay for instruction than a doctor's bill after destruction!

Gives one a heart-ache as the time draws near to leave all this beauty: the mountains with their changing colours, turning to vivid rose at sunset; the glorious sunshine; and a feeling of fitness one has never known in England. 'Fraid our appetites are far from genteel; and as for thirst, well, after ski-ing, you feel nothing less than a bucket of orangeade would be any help! It's just longing one will be to come back in June, when, they tell you, this beautiful valley is a carpet of flowers, and the snow-topped mountains are still the pleasure-ground for mountaineers.

Must be too wonderful, coming down out of the snow to the flowers and grass below; and below the windows of the Schloss is the River Inn, which goes down to Innsbruck. Now it is half frozen over: a little black stream bubbling along under the overhanging snow and ice.

In summer there is good trout-fishing, I'm told: what a wonderful spot for a holiday. Yes, it's a case of, I came, I saw, I was conquered!

The President of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club is the late Head of Eton, the Rev. and Hon. Edward Lyttelton. The Vice-Presidents are the Earl of Lytton, Field-Marshal Earl Haig, the Bishop of Birmingham, Major the Hon. E. C. Sperry, the Rev. Lionel Ford (Headmaster, Harrow), and Mr. E. F. Benson. Secretary, Lieut-Colonel Westmoreland.



AT THE ST. MORITZ RACING AND SKI-JÖRING MEETING: LADY BLANDFORD, MAJOR THE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON, THE HON. MRS. DE TRAFFORD, AND LORD BLANDFORD.

Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson competed in the Private Race organised at the St. Moritz racing and ski-jöring meeting. Lady Blandford is the wife of the Marquess of Blandford, son of the Duke of Marlborough, and is one of the lovely daughters of the Hon. Lady Meux and the late Lord Chelsea. The Hon. Mrs. de Trafford is her sister.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch."

that warm and cheery spot, the Carlton, for lunch, where, of course, there is the best of everything Switzerland can provide in the way of luxury and comfort. Lord and Lady Blandford are staying there, and Mrs. de Trafford; also Captain and Mrs. Euan Wallace, Mr. Charlesworth (who married one of the Miss Becketts), Lord Grimthorpe, and the Northesks, who seem very keen on the sports. 'Mongst the "snow" widowers having a real good time was the Hon. Lionel Tennyson—his lovely little wife preferring to remain at Melton and be a "grass" widow, getting what few days' hunting she can from there.

A Fashion for Beauties.

The felt cloche hat is now quite discarded by the very smart in favour of a wide-brimmed soft felt of the cowboy type, the brim pinned back flat to the crown with

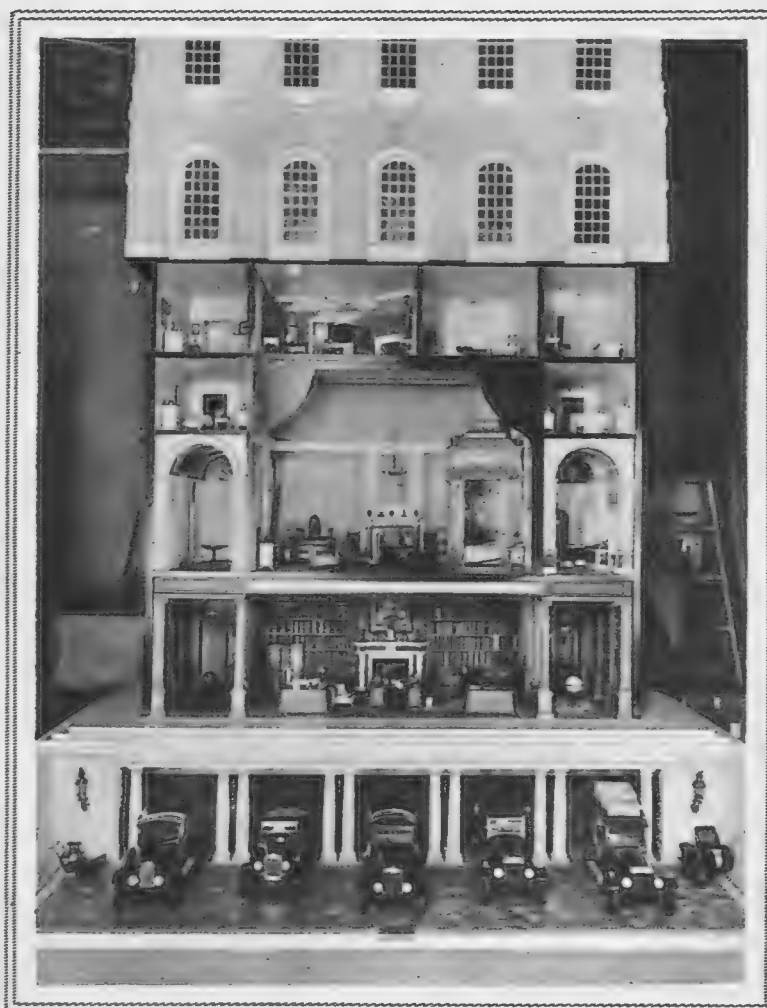
The Queen's Inch-to-a-Foot House—for Wembley.



A PERFECT LACQUER ROOM—BUT ONLY EIGHT INCHES HIGH:
THE QUEEN'S SITTING-ROOM IN HER DOLL'S HOUSE.



SIR EDWIN LUTYENS' DESIGN FOR THE MOST WONDERFUL
OF DOLL'S HOUSES: THE GARDEN FRONT—FIVE FEET BROAD.



SHOWING THE FLEET OF CARS IN THE GARAGE: THE QUEEN'S DOLL'S
HOUSE—WITH DECORATIONS BY FAMOUS ARTISTS.



WITH AZALEAS IN FLOWER AND THE WATCH-DOG OUTSIDE THE DOOR:
THE GARDEN OF THE QUEEN'S DOLL'S HOUSE.

The wonderful doll's house designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, for presentation to the Queen, with decorations by William Nicholson, Edmund Dulac, Glyn Philpot, and other famous artists; special books by Kipling, Galsworthy, Masfield, etc.; real champagne in the tiny bottles in the cellars; a genuine fountain-pen on the writing-table; electric light which works; and a fleet of motor-cars of the most famous makes, is to be exhibited at Wembley, and will attract enormous attention. The scale is one

inch to a foot; and so perfectly is it maintained that from the photographs it is impossible to realise that the rooms and their furniture are not actually full-sized. The garden contains every sort of flower, and has even a fairy ring of toadstools one-eighth of an inch high! Every detail in the wonderful doll's house is complete—even down to tooth-brushes in the bed-rooms, and a housemaid's cupboard. Her Majesty the Queen, who is very interested in doll's houses, has approved of the miniature palace.

Photographs by T.P.A.

THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc.

No. VII.—THE CHESS PROBLEM.

POIROT and I often dined at a small restaurant in Soho. We were there one evening when we observed a friend at an adjacent table. It was Inspector Japp, and, as there was room at our table, he came and joined us. It was some time since either of us had seen him.

"Never do you drop in to see us nowadays," declared Poirot reproachfully. "Not since the affair of the Yellow Jasmine have we met, and that is nearly a month ago."

"I've been up North—that's why. How are things with you? Big Four still going strong—eh?"

Poirot shook a finger at him reproachfully.

"Ah, you mock yourself at me; but the Big Four—they exist."

"Oh, I don't doubt that—but they're not the hub of the universe, as you make out."

"My friend, you are very much mistaken. The greatest power for evil in the world to-day is this Big Four. To what end they are tending no one knows, but there has never been another such criminal organisation. The finest brain in China at the head of it, an American millionaire and a French woman scientist as members, and for the fourth—"

Japp interrupted.

"I know—I know. Regular bee in your bonnet over it all. It's becoming your little mania, Moosior Poirot. Let's talk of something else for a change. Take any interest in chess?"

"I have played it, yes."

"Did you see that curious business yesterday? Match between two players of world-wide reputation, and one died during the game?"

"I saw a mention of it. Dr. Savaronoff, the Russian champion, was one of the players; and the other, who succumbed to heart failure, was the brilliant young American, Gilmour Wilson."

"Quite right. Savaronoff beat Rubinstein and became Russian champion some years ago; Wilson is said to be a second Capablanca."

"A very curious occurrence," mused Poirot. "If I mistake not, you have a particular interest in the matter."

Japp gave a rather embarrassed laugh.

"You've hit it, Moosior Poirot. I'm puzzled. Wilson was sound as a bell—no trace of heart trouble. His death is quite inexplicable."

"You suspect Dr. Savaronoff of putting him out of the way?" I cried.

"Hardly that," said Japp drily. "I don't think even a Russian would murder another man in order not to be beaten at chess; and anyway, from all I can make out, the boot was likely to be on the other leg. The doctor is supposed to be very hot stuff—second to Lasker, they say he is."

Poirot nodded thoughtfully.

"Then what exactly is your little idea?" he asked. "Why should Wilson be poisoned? For I assume, of course, that it is poison you suspect."

"Naturally. Heart failure means your heart stops beating—that's all there is to that. That's what a doctor says officially at the moment, but privately he tips us the wink that he's not satisfied."

"When is the autopsy to take place?"

"To-night. Wilson's death was extraordinarily sudden. He seemed quite as usual, and was actually moving one of the pieces when he suddenly fell forward—dead!"

"There are very few poisons, would act in such a fashion," objected Poirot.

"I know. The autopsy will help us, I expect. But why should anyone want Gilmour Wilson out of the way—that's what I'd like to know? Harmless, unassuming young fellow. Just come over here from the States, and apparently hadn't an enemy in the world."

"It seems incredible," I mused.

"Not at all," said Poirot, smiling. "Japp has his theory, I can see."

"I have, Moosior Poirot. I don't believe the poison was meant for Wilson—it was meant for the other man."

"Savaronoff?"

"Yes. Savaronoff fell foul of the Bolsheviks at the outbreak of the Revolution. He was even reported killed. In reality he escaped, and for three years endured incredible hardships in the wilds of Siberia. His sufferings were so great that he is now a changed man. His friends and acquaintances declare they would hardly have recognised him. His hair is white, and his whole aspect that of a man terribly aged. He is a semi-invalid, and seldom goes out, living alone with a niece, Sonia Daviloff, and a Russian man-servant in a flat down Westminster way. It is possible that he still considers himself a marked man. Certainly he was very unwilling to agree to this chess contest. He refused several times point-blank, and it was only when the newspapers took it up and began making a fuss about the 'unsportsmanlike refusal' that he gave in. Gilmour Wilson had gone on challenging him with real Yankee pertinacity, and in the end he got his way. Now I ask you, Moosior Poirot, why wasn't he willing? Because he didn't want attention drawn to him. Didn't want somebody or other to get on his track. That's my solution—Gilmour Wilson got pipped by mistake."

"There is no one who has any private reason to gain by Savaronoff's death?"

"Well, his niece, I suppose. He's recently come into an immense fortune. Left him by Mme. Gospoja, whose husband was a super-profitier under the old régime. They had an affair together once, I believe, and she refused steadfastly to credit the reports of his death."

"Where did the match take place?"

"In Savaronoff's own flat. He's an invalid, as I told you."

"Many people there to watch it?"

"At least a dozen—probably more."

Poirot made an expressive grimace.

"My poor Japp, your task is not an easy one."

"Once I know definitely that Wilson was poisoned, I can get on."

"Has it occurred to you that, in the meantime, supposing your assumption that Savaronoff was the intended victim to be correct, the murderer may try again?"

"Of course it has. Two men are watching Savaronoff's flat."

"That will be very useful if anyone should

call with a bomb under their arm," said Poirot drily.

"You're getting interested, Moosior Poirot," said Japp, with a twinkle. "Care to come round to the mortuary and see Wilson's body before the the doctors start on it? Who knows, his tie-pin may be askew, and that may give you a valuable clue that will solve the whole mystery."

"My dear Japp, all through dinner my fingers have been itching to re-arrange your own tie-pin. You permit, yes? Ah, that is much more pleasing to the eye. Yes, by all means, let us go to the mortuary."

I could see that Poirot's attention was completely captivated by this new problem. It was so long since he had shown any interest in any outside case that I was quite rejoiced to see him back in his old form.

For my own part, I felt a deep pity as I looked down upon the motionless form and convulsed face of the hapless young American who had come by his death in such a strange way. Poirot examined the body attentively. There was no mark on it anywhere except a small scar on the left hand.

"And the doctor says that's a burn, not a cut," explained Japp.

Poirot's attention shifted to the contents of the dead man's pockets, which a constable spread out for our inspection. There was nothing much—a handkerchief, keys, note-case filled with notes, and some unimportant letters. But one object standing by itself filled Poirot with interest.

"A chess-man!" he exclaimed. "A white bishop. Was that in his pocket?"

"No; clasped in his hand. We had quite a difficulty to get it out of his fingers. It must be returned to Dr. Savaronoff some time. It's part of a very beautiful set of carved ivory chess-men."

"Permit me to return it to him. It will make an excuse for my going there."

"Aha!" cried Japp. "So you want to come in on this case?"

"I admit it. So skilfully have you aroused my interest."

"That's fine. Get you away from your brooding. Captain Hastings is pleased too, I can see."

"Quite right," I said, laughing.

Poirot turned back towards the body.

"No other little detail you can tell me about—him?" he asked.

"I don't think so."

"Not even—that he was left-handed?"

"You're a wizard, Moosior Poirot. How did you know that? He was left-handed. Not that it's anything to do with the case."

"Nothing whatever," agreed Poirot hastily, seeing that Japp was slightly ruffled. "My little joke—that was all. I like to play you the trick, see you."

We went out upon an amicable understanding.

The following morning saw us wending our way to Dr. Savaronoff's flat in Westminster.

"Sonia Daviloff," I mused—"it's a pretty name."

Poirot stopped, and threw me a look of despair.

"Always looking for romance. You are

[Continued on page 313.]



HERCULE POIROT.

Bonzo's Latest: This Week's Studdy.



BONZO CONGRATULATES CHEE-KEE ON FINDING HER ANCESTORS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—The Best of all the Bonzo Books—"BONZO'S STAR TURNS"—is now on sale, and should be secured without delay, before it is sold out.

A Liberal Princess and Epigrammatic Writer.



AUTHOR OF "THE FIR AND THE PALM": PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO.

Princess Antoine Bibesco is the younger daughter of Mr. H. H. Asquith, and is the only daughter of his brilliant second wife, the famous "Margot." The Princess was born in 1897, and in 1919 married Prince Antoine Bibesco. She has written two volumes of short stories, "I Have Only Myself to Blame" and "Balloons," and has recently

published a novel, "The Fir and the Palm," which bristles with brilliant epigrams and "smart" talk. Princess Antoine Bibesco has resided in Washington since her marriage, as her husband has been Roumanian Minister to the United States since 1920. She has one little daughter.

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.

One of the Most Brilliant Women Speakers.



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF MR. H. H. ASQUITH : LADY BONHAM-CARTER.

Lady Bonham-Carter is the elder daughter of Mr. H. H. Asquith, and is the step-daughter of Mrs. Asquith. Her marriage to Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., who was Private Secretary to her father during his Premiership of 1910-16, took place in 1915, and she has one son, Mark Raymond Bonham-Carter, born in 1922,

and two daughters, Helen and Laura Bonham-Carter, born in 1917 and 1918. Lady Bonham-Carter, like all the members of her family, is extremely brilliant and intellectual, and is one of the best women political speakers of the day. Some time ago, she announced that she has no intention of standing for Parliament.

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.

PRICELESS LEGS: CHALLENGERS OF THE MIL



PRICED ABOVE RUBIES: THE LEGS OF MISS IMOGENE WILSON.



AMERICAN ANKLES WHICH RIVAL
THE LEGS OF MISS H

"Sketch" readers may remember that in our issue of Dec. 12 we published a photograph of Mlle. Mistinguett, the famous French actress—and her legs, which are insured for a million dollars. This claim for priceless European legs has not been allowed to pass unchallenged: for we have received the above photographs of three exquisite pairs of ankles, which were specially taken to rival those from "Yurup" where value

ON-DOLLAR PAIR SHOWN IN "THE SKETCH."



ISTINGUETT'S FAMOUS PAIR:
LEE WORTHING.



WORTH MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS: THE LEGS
OF MISS HILDA FERGUSSON.

is in question, as they are worth far more than a million pounds sterling! Their owners are well-known stage favourites who have been connected with the famous Ziegfeld Follies, and have their extremities valued by Mr. Ziegfeld himself. It will be noticed that the Polar bear shown with them is rather excited by the sight.—[Photographs by Edward Thayer Monroe.]

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Of "The Green Goddess," and the Green.



THE LEADING LADY OF THE ST. JAMES'S: MISS ISOBEL ELSOM, IN GOLFING KIT.

Miss Isobel Elsom, who is now to be seen in the leading rôle of "The Green Goddess," the thrilling play of adventure at the St. James's, is a keen athlete, and plays a good deal of golf and lawn-tennis. It will be remembered that

Miss Elsom made her original successes in musical comedy, and that her appearance in "The Green Goddess" is one of her first opportunities in a part which requires the display of powers of emotional acting.

Photograph by Janet Jevons.

(Continued.)

incorrigible. It would serve you right if Sonia Daviloff turned out to be our friend and enemy the Countess Vera Rossakoff."

At the mention of the Countess, who was a prominent agent of the Big Four, my face clouded over.

"Surely, Poirot, you don't suspect—"

"But no, no—it was a joke. I have not the Big Four on the brain to that extent, whatever Japp may say."

The door of the flat was opened to us by a man-servant with a peculiarly wooden face. It seemed impossible to believe that that impassive countenance could ever display emotion.

Poirot presented a card on which Japp had scribbled a few words of introduction, and we were shown into a low, long room furnished with rich hangings and curios. One or two wonderful ikons hung upon the walls, and exquisite Persian rugs lay upon the floor. A samovar stood upon a table.

I was examining one of the ikons, which I judged to be of considerable value, and turned to see Poirot prone upon the floor. Beautiful as the rug was, it hardly seemed to me to necessitate such close attention.

"Is it such a very wonderful specimen?" I asked.

"Eh? Oh, the rug? But no, it was not the rug I was remarking. But it is a beautiful specimen—far too beautiful to have a large nail wantonly driven through the middle of it. No, Hastings—as I came forward—the nail is not there now. But the hole remains."

A sudden sound behind us made me spin round, and Poirot spring nimbly to his feet. A girl was standing in the doorway. Her eyes, full upon us, were dark with suspicion. She was of medium height, with a beautiful, rather sullen face, dark-blue eyes, and very black hair which was cut short. Her voice, when she spoke, was rich and sonorous, and completely un-English.

"I fear my uncle will be unable to see you. He is a great invalid."

"That is a pity; but perhaps you will kindly help me instead. You are Mademoiselle Daviloff, are you not?"

"Yes, I am Sonia Daviloff. What is it you want to know?"

"I am making some inquiries about that sad affair the night before last—the death of M. Gilmour Wilson. What can you tell me about it?"

The girl's eyes opened wide.

"He died of heart failure—as he was playing chess."

"The police are not so sure that it was—heart failure, Mademoiselle."

The girl gave a terrified gesture.

"It was true, then," she cried. "Ivan was right."

"Who is Ivan; and why do you say 'he was right'?"

"It was Ivan who opened the door to you; and he has already said to me that in his opinion Gilmour Wilson did not die a natural death—that he was poisoned by mistake."

"By mistake?"

"Yes, the poison was meant for—my uncle."

She had quite forgotten her first distrust now, and was speaking eagerly.

"Why do you say that, Mademoiselle? Who should wish to poison Dr. Savaronoff?"

She shook her head.

"I do not know. I am all in the dark. And my uncle, he will not trust me. It is natural, perhaps. You see, he hardly knows me. He saw me as a child, and not since till I came to live with him here in London. But this much I do know: he is in fear of something. We have many secret societies in Russia, and one day I overheard something which made me think it was of just such a society he went in fear. Tell me Monsieur"—she came a step nearer and

dropped her voice—"have you ever heard of a society called the Big Four?"

Poirot jumped nearly out of his skin. His eyes positively bulged with astonishment.

"Why do you—what do you know of the Big Four, Mademoiselle?"

"There is such an association, then? I overheard a reference to them, and asked my uncle about it afterwards. Never have I seen a man so afraid. He turned all white and shaking. He was in fear of them, Monsieur—in great fear, I am sure of it. And, by mistake, they killed the American, Wilson."

"The Big Four," murmured Poirot. "Always the Big Four! An astonishing coincidence. Mademoiselle, your uncle is still in danger. I must save him. Now recount to me exactly the events of that fatal evening. Show me the chess-board, the table, how the two men sat—everything."

She went to the side of the room and brought out a small table. The top of it was exquisitely inlaid with squares of silver and black to represent a chess-board.

"This was sent to my uncle a few weeks ago as a present, with the request that he would use it in the next match he played. It was in the middle of the room—so."

Poirot examined the table with what seemed to me quite unnecessary attention. He was not conducting the inquiry at all as I should have done. Many of his questions seemed to me pointless, and upon really vital matters he appeared to have no questions to ask. I concluded that the unexpected mention of the Big Four had thrown him completely off his balance.

After a minute examination of the table and the exact position it had occupied, he asked to see the chess-men. Sonia Daviloff brought them to him in a box. He examined one or two of them in a perfunctory manner.

"An exquisite set," he murmured absently.

Still not a question as to what refreshments there had been, or what people had been present. I cleared my throat significantly.

"Don't you think, Poirot, that—"

He interrupted me peremptorily.

"Do not think, my friend. Leave all to me. Mademoiselle, is it quite impossible that I should see your uncle?"

A faint smile showed itself on her face.

"He will see you, yes. You understand, it is my part to interview all strangers first."

She disappeared. I heard a murmur of voices in the next room, and a minute later she came back and motioned us to pass into the adjoining room.

The man who lay there on a couch was an imposing figure. Very tall, gaunt, with huge bushy eyebrows and white beard, and a face haggard as the result of starvation and hardships, Dr. Savaronoff was a distinct personality. I noted the peculiar formation of his head, and its unusual height. A great chess-player must have a great brain, I knew. I could easily understand Dr. Savaronoff being the second greatest player in the world.

Poirot bowed.

"M. le docteur, may I speak to you alone?"

Savaronoff turned to his niece.

"Leave us, Sonia."

She disappeared obediently.

"Now, Sir, what is it?"

"Dr. Savaronoff, you have recently come into an enormous fortune? If you should die—unexpectedly—who inherits it?"

"I have made a will leaving everything to my niece, Sonia Daviloff. You do not suggest—"

"I suggest nothing; but you have not seen your niece since she was a child. It would have been easy for anyone to impersonate her."

Savaronoff seemed thunderstruck by the

suggestion. Poirot went on easily: "Enough as to that. I give you the word of warning, that is all. What I want you to do now is to describe to me the game of chess the other evening."

"How do you mean—describe it?"

"Well, I do not play the chess myself, but I understand that there are various regular ways of beginning—the gambit, do they not call it?"

Dr. Savaronoff smiled a little. "Ah, I comprehend you now. Wilson opened Ruy Lopez—one of the soundest openings, and one frequently adopted in tournaments and matches."

"And how long had you been playing when the tragedy happened?"

"It must have been about the third or fourth move when Wilson suddenly fell forward over the table, stone dead."

Poirot rose to depart. He flung out his last question as though it was of absolutely no importance, but I knew better.

"Had he had anything to eat or drink?"

"A whisky-and-soda, I think."

"Thank you, Dr. Savaronoff. I will disturb you no longer."

Ivan was in the hall to show us out. Poirot lingered on the threshold.

"The flat below this—do you know who lives there?"

"Sir Charles Kingwell, a Member of Parliament, Sir. It has been let furnished lately, though."

"Thank you."

We went out into the bright winter sunlight.

"Well, really, Poirot," I burst out, "I don't think you've distinguished yourself this time. Surely your questions were very inadequate."

"You think so, Hastings?" Poirot looked at me appealingly. "I was *bouleversé*, yes. What would you have asked?"

I considered the question carefully, and then outlined my scheme to Poirot. He listened with what seemed to be close interest. My monologue lasted until we had nearly reached home.

"Very excellent, very searching, Hastings," said Poirot, as he inserted his key in the door and preceded me up the stairs; "but quite unnecessary."

"Unnecessary?" I cried, amazed. "If the man was poisoned—"

"Aha!" cried Poirot, pouncing upon a note which lay on the table. "From Japp. Just as I thought." He flung it over to me. It was brief and to the point. No traces of poison had been found, and there was nothing to show how the man came by his death.

"You see," said Poirot, "your questions would have been quite unnecessary."

"You guessed this beforehand?"

"Forecast the probable result of the deal," quoted Poirot from a recent bridge problem on which I had spent much time. "*Mon ami*, when you do that successfully, you do not call it guessing."

"Don't let's split hairs," I said impatiently. "You foresaw this?"

"I did."

"Why?"

Poirot put his hand into his pocket and pulled out—a white bishop.

"Why," I cried, "you forgot to give it back to Dr. Savaronoff."

"You are in error, my friend. That bishop still reposes in my left-hand pocket. I took its fellow from the box of chess-men Mlle. Daviloff kindly permitted me to examine. The plural of one bishop is two bishops."

He sounded the final "s" with a great hiss. I was completely mystified.

"But why did you take it?"

"*Parbleu*, I wanted to see if they were exactly alike."

He stood them on the table side by side.

"Well, they are, of course," I said. "Exactly alike."

[Continued on page xvi.]



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE," AT THE ALDWYCH.

IT is once more all about tons of money, and it will make them, too. For this is not only a capital farce, but one that gives one to think. It tells us all about the mystery, magic, and mesmerism of advertising; it tells us how by flourishing trumpets and a flute, fortunes can be made out of nothing; it tells us that the gods do not only favour the brave, but the fools; that it is a wise father who tries to learn something from his son; last, but not least, that if you have something to sell, the world will buy if you have but the push and cheek to make them.

I cannot go into the weird and wonderful story, that would be spoilt by the telling. You must go and see it for yourself—the very title will lure you—and then you will learn, with infinite pleasure to yourself, how the soap-king's woolly-headed boy, who wanted to marry a typist, launched out into gigantic schemes in defiance of and rivalry with his father, nearly came a cropper, and, by an ingenious stunt of advertising, not only became a rich man, but one who taught his elder to swim with the times.

It is all about money—money—money; but it never wearies, for it is constructed with great deftness, rushes along in breathless excitement, is a mixture of scheming and plotting, with just a dash of sentiment, and is both humorous and human. Some of the wit and wisdom in this frolic reminds one of a famous book, "An American Father's Letters to His Son." There is something to learn here for all of us in a playful way—chiefly that to carry on carrying on is the high-road to success, and that one "cute" idea may lead further than years of hard work. Of its kind, it is the best farce we have enjoyed for a long time, and it is acted by the three principal comedians with a zest, a spirit, and a sense of character that may well be called inimitable. The soap-king of Mr. Tom Walls, the ingenious-ingenious son of Mr. Ralph Lynn; the American advertising stunt apostle of Mr. Will Deming—capital interpreter of dry humour—are an unforgettable trio, delightfully comic, and yet constantly reminding one that one has met such types in the City, and that their doings, however wild they seem, are not far away from reality. Incidentally, there is a would-be French countess who babbles like a real Parisienne, until, when her little schemes go agley, she bursts out in such good English as makes everybody sit up. Miss Cecilia Gold played this part to perfection, with a volubility that would astonish even Parisians. "It Pays to Advertise" will advertise itself. Anon, everybody who has seen it will ask his friends: "Have you seen it?"—and that is the best way to send people to the theatre.

II.

"THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

WHERE is the Gentleman with the Duster? At the American Women's Club, Miss Dane said: "The more the theatre developed as a mirror of popular customs, the more it became in a sense the soul of the nation."

Quite so. Some of us have preached this for years.

But if this is Miss Dane's inmost conviction, then why give us a play which is sadly in need of the duster?

Had she put a large "?" of irony behind her title, we might have enjoyed it; but as we are asked to take this tale seriously and swallow incredible creatures like the villainous bank clerk, Lomax, as modern portraiture . . . well, we have a difficult task before us.

As it is, we did not like it, because it is glaringly untrue, ever recalling an Ibsen word: "People don't do these things."

There may be such women as the angelic Shirley, who undergoes the supreme sacrifice of honour for the sake of a man who never by sign or word betokened that he had the slightest feeling for her; who, when at length she loses her patience at his callousness, slaps him in the face; whereupon he, after the manner of a famous French play, exclaims something akin to: "*Elle m'a frappé, je l'aime.*" Of that Miss Dane may be a judge, although I can hardly believe her.

But this is certain: in all the venues of life, from the City, *viâ* the Theatre, to the Law Courts, where I have followed it, I have never come across such a pair of unmitigated cads as the man who suborns the girl all for the sake of a scrap of paper of very hazy importance; and that other

none of the insight and penetration of "A Bill of Divorcement." We have no sympathy with these unreal people who show us life in a distorted, dusty mirror.

Miss Hilda Bayley did her level best with the character of the long-suffering girl. She was sweet; she was as convincing as she could be; it was not her fault that we found her too good to live, and therefore a little wearisome. In the crucial scene she displayed great emotional power, and almost made us forget that the climax was as unreal as the rest. Mr. Robert Harris, as the man for whom the girl went through purgatory, played his part with great skill; with a discretion that tempered the unpleasant side of the character with gentlemanly veneer. Miss Olga Lindo was pert and flauntingly flamboyant as a suburban belle; Mr. Walter Hadd, a fair type of the kind of young man destined to push the "pram"; and Mr. Leslie Banks was simply ideal as the super-cad—if ideal is accepted in the sense that if such fellows existed they would behave as Mr. Leslie Banks did. But, really, Miss Dane must revise her views on men. Her feminism is becoming an obsession!

III.

"THE CAMEL'S BACK," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

BUT there was no hump. This is not merely *remuag*, all bustling knockabout and no thought. Mr. Maugham is much too clever. He has got ideas, and he salts them with a Gallic relish. Because it is farce, we cannot ask much of portraiture, nor yet of plot. So long as the lines sparkle, what does it matter? Asses' ears would not be quick enough to catch the accents of his shrewd satire.

Still, not even the dramatist's resource has been able to satisfy us. I cannot believe in this Valentine, K.C., with his dogmatic verdicts; and so do not enjoy his discomfiture when Hermione, with disarming frankness, confesses to an intrigue. Nor can I believe that this pompous prig could be so completely cured, even by her drastic pills. The family doctor is befuddled into diagnosing insanity. Surely a man with such a pretty wife must be mad if he wants her to dress like a frump. Calico may be respectable, but the wise husband sees virtue in *crêpe-de-Chine*. But there is a delightful old lady we can believe in. She loves her second-rate hotel, where ladies forget their wedding-rings and consort with gentlemen friends. And there is a merry cook who comes in to tie up the attenuated threads of the farce and save the situation.

Miss Madge Titheradge as Hermione is as clever as she is charming. Her game of patience is a *tour-de-force* of staggering unconcern. Here Mr. Maugham is at his best. Miss Nina Boucicault as the dear white-haired

dame, and Miss Olive Sloane as the free-loving cook are equally enjoyable. Mr. Holman Clark is amusing as the physician, and Mr. Frank Cellier does all that is possible with the husband.

Cynicism is a good bath-towel to the sentiments, but Mr. Maugham has not given enough red corpuscles to his characters. "The Camel's Back" has plenty of shuttle-wit; but our dramatist has set himself a high standard. He can do better.



BEFORE THE "SMARTENING-UP" PROCESS: MISS FAITH CELLI AS MARY, IN "THE ETERNAL SPRING."

Miss Faith Celli, the charming secretary in "The Eternal Spring," at the Royalty, appears first as the "dowdy" girl, but is subsequently smartened up by a friend.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.



THE SECRETARY AND THE ANTIQUARY: MISS FAITH CELLI AS MARY, AND MR. DENNIS EADIE AS STEPHEN GRETTON, IN "THE ETERNAL SPRING."

"The Eternal Spring," at the Royalty, is the tale of an antiquary and his secretary. Stephen does not realise his love for the girl, and marries her without knowing that he really cares for her. The curtain, of course, falls on his making this discovery.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

for whom she bartered her honour, who upbraids her for it (in a most painful cross-examination), and after two years of penance and reclamation comes back, still chiding her, until she makes him see (I) that he had loved her all the time as she loved him. Such things may occur in novellettes, and such people may be rendered plausible in that milieu; but on the stage they are impossible. All I can say for the play is that it displays a certain amount of stage-craft, that it contains a moving death-scene of a rather superfluous mother (beautifully acted by Miss Haidée Wright); that there is a humorous drawing of a heartless girl who accepts such bounties from her fiancé as would be incommensurate with his earnings. All the rest is neither interesting nor gripping. There is

Plays of the Moment: No. IV. "The Way Things Happen."



SHIRLEY PRYDE AND MRS. FARREN, THE MOTHER OF THE MAN SHE LOVES: MISS HILDA BAYLEY AND MISS HAIDÉE WRIGHT.



THE VILLAIN DEMANDS THE PRICE FOR THE INCRIMINATING PAPER: SHIRLEY (MISS HILDA BAYLEY) AND LOMAX (MR. LESLIE BANKS).



THE MOTHER AND SON: MRS. FARREN (MISS HAIDÉE WRIGHT) AND MARTIN FARREN (MR. ROBERT HARRIS).



THE HAPPY ENDING IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING: SHIRLEY (HILDA BAYLEY) AND MARTIN FARREN (ROBERT HARRIS).

Miss Clemence Dane's new play, "The Ways Things Happen," was produced at the Ambassadors' recently, and is the story of Martin Farren, bank clerk and embezzler, who is adored by his mother, and by Shirley Fryde. He is engaged to another girl; but when the villain, Lomax, demands that Shirley should come to his rooms at night as

the price of a document incriminating Farren, she consents. Next morning her sacrifice is discovered; but when Farren learns of it, he is furious, denounces himself to the bank, and takes his six months' hard. His fiancée breaks off the engagement, and at last Farren returns, sees Shirley, and finds that he has always loved her.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.

FILMS OF THE MOMENT: NO. IV. "SODOM AND



THE VISION OF SODOM: LOT'S WIFE GOING OUT TO WORSHIP FALSE GODS.



BEFORE THE DESTRUCTION: THE TEMPLE OF ASTARTE, WITH ITS CROWDS OF WORSHIPPERS.



AS DEBAUCHED AS SODOM AND GOMORRAH: AN ORGY IN MODERN (FILM) SOCIETY.



AN AMAZING PICTURE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH

"Sodom and Gomorrah," the new Sascha-film picture produced on Monday last, the 11th, at the Philharmonic Hall, is described as being the story of "the woman who looked upon the face of sin in ages past and saw in it a warning which saved her happiness." Laura Wendland is the daughter of an unscrupulous woman who sells her to Nicholas Hood. She falls in with the bargain, knowing it is useless to put up a fight, and when her lover shoots himself, she vows vengeance against her hated husband. She determines to attack Hood through his son, and sets

"GOMORRAH," AT THE PHILHARMONIC HALL.



CAUGHT IN THE HAIL OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE:
MARINERS FROM SODOM.



THE LUST OF CRUELTY IN THE DOOMED ANCIENT CITY:
A SCENE IN SODOM.



OF THE ANCIENT CITIES: THE INHABITANTS
TAKE TO THE WATER.



AFLOAT IN HER GONDOLA COUCH BED: MISS LUCY DORAINÉ AS LAURA WENDLAND,
THE MODERN SOCIETY WOMAN WHO IS WARNED IN A VISION.

a snare for the boy. She is, however, won from her purpose by an extraordinary vision of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and wakes to a determination to "turn her feet from the path of sin." The picture not only gives an amazing presentation of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and the hail of fire and brimstone, but draws a parallel between the wickedness of the ancient cities and the debaucheries of modern society. The pageantry of the spectacle is remarkable, and the whole entertainment is of unusual interest.

Plays of the Moment: No. V. "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."



THE BARRIE REVIVAL: MISS MARIE TEMPEST
AS ALICE WEARING A 1900 CLOAK



THE CHARM OF A GOWN WITH A WAIST:
MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS MRS. GREY.



ALICE COMES BACK TO HER CHILDREN:
MISS MARIE TEMPEST.



ALICE DRAGS AMY FROM THE CUPBOARD: STEVE ROLLO (MR. HERBERT MARSHALL), COLONEL GREY (GRAHAM BROWNE), MRS. GREY
(MISS MARIE TEMPEST), AND AMY (MISS ELIZABETH IRVING) IN THE REVIVAL AT THE COMEDY.

The latest Barrie revival is "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," which has been staged with dresses of 1900—the date of its original production. It is the tale of a mother who comes home from India and has to win her children's affection all over again, and is an impish drama presenting the boy who is in mortal terror of being kissed by "strange" parents, and the girl who takes the yellow flowers from the mantelpiece to save any reflecting on the probably yellowed complexions of parents from the

East! Too many "triangle" plays in a week induce silly Amy to imagine a drama of the kind in her own home, and to attempt to "save" her mother. Miss Marie Tempest gives a delightful performance as Mrs. Grey—the Alice of the play—and is admirable in the first act as the mother who cannot cope with her children, and as the woman with a serious situation to deal with in the second, while she presents the domestic sentimentality of the third equally enchantingly.

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

Accomplished Equestrians.



In the Bois.

In sport, as in the more serious realm of conflict, the Frenchman has won great renown as an equestrian. The officer of a crack French cavalry regiment certainly approaches the "beau ideal" of horsemanship, and to see him cantering in the Bois, debonair and perfectly uniformed, is a sight the élite of France justifiably cherish.

His nation acknowledges the influence of British methods in developing his prowess as a sporting rider. In the keen rivalry of the Olympia Horse Show and other classic events he is ever a welcome guest on this side of the Channel.

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Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

I AM lucky enough to be able to present you this week with a set of exclusive interviews with some of the most famous Rugger players of the day. I say lucky because the interviews are of such an exceptional kind. Everybody is familiar with the stereotyped form of interview—the kind that actually happened. But these are not like that a bit. None of them ever took place; each is of the purely imaginary, let's-pretend type—clearly demonstrating that fiction can sometimes be stranger than truth.

W. W. WAKEFIELD.

I always believe in paying a surprise visit to the abode of a celebrity. And so, without any warning, I stole noiselessly in upon this year's captain of England. I found him, as I thought, practising a few Mah Jongg moves, for he was pushing about a lot of queerly shaped ivory pieces with all the solemnity of a Chinese mandarin.

So absorbed was he that I was by his side before he noticed me. I know nothing about

an enthralling hobby. The two defeats of Wales? How do I account for them? Oh, no; I do not consider the fifteen was overstocked with policemen. Possibly too many policemen spoil a team, just as too many cooks spoil the policeman." He then showed me, with pardonable pride, some most interesting mementos of his Rugger career. One was a big chair which, after important matches, gave ease and comfort to each of the hundred and ninety-six pounds avoirdupois of him. "This easy chair," he said, "is solid leather, covered throughout with the skin of Rugger balls used in every winning International match that I have taken part in since the war. The work is all hand-sewn, and not less than eight stitches to the inch." All round the walls were hung heads of those who at some time or other had been brought down by this six-foot giant.

Not stuffed heads, of course; but heads suitably framed. As my host was motoring me to the station he reverted to his pet subject of forward play. He was deploring two phases of this part of the game as lost

far corner of the room, where stood a curious-looking structure—like an elongated oil-stove. It proved, when wound up, to be a machine stocked with Rugger balls, which, by an ingenious device, delivered through an aperture on the floor a ball at a time. As the ball came down, it was heeled out by a dummy pair of legs—stockinged and booted—in most realistic fashion. In the opposite corner was the bed-room door, on which was marked the figure of a man. This represented Myers, the "stand-off" half. As each ball came out, Young slung it away with a long, low, swift pass straight at the figure on the door.

One morning the dear old "bedder," unaware that a practice was taking place, came through from the bed-room with an armful of crockery. She got the ball full in the face, and not even the soap-dish escaped destruction. Otherwise, the machine is a great success.

Having thus learnt the secret of our scrum-half's greatness, I shook him warmly by the



Mah Jongg, but by way of introducing myself I shouted, "I'll re-double you!" "No, don't do that," was his calm reply; "three 'W.'s' as initials are enough for any man. Glad to see you. Sit down; I'm just thinking out a new phase of forward play." It was then that I discovered in front of him a perfectly made model in miniature of the Rugger field of play. It consisted of a board covered with green baize, complete with goal-posts, dead-ball lines, etc., all carried out to the scale of one-eighth of an inch to the foot, and measuring approximately 5 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in. The sixteen pieces he had been playing about with represented the two rival sets of forwards. Speaking with considerable emotion, the England skipper said, "I wish I could get the younger generation of forwards to realise that in a properly constituted pack the front row (reading from left to right) should number 1, 2, 3; the second row, 4 and 5; and the third row, 6, 7, 8. If this formation is properly observed, then, diagonally, the numbers should read 1, 4, 7; 2, 5, 8; 3, 6, 9; and vice versa.

"However, I must not weary you with the science of scrum-work; to me it is always

arts. "Take the wheel, for instance," he said. I seized it so violently that the car nearly went into the ditch. Most politely, "W. W. W." assured me that the mistake was quite excusable, and I left him on the platform, still extolling that swinging-round movement of the scrum as one of the most valuable assets a side can possess.

A. T. YOUNG.

"You'll find him in his room, Sir," said the corpulent, mossy-faced Caius gyp, who looked as if he might be a "bull-dog" in his spare time. The man was quite right. I did find him eventually, after a deuce of a hunt. There, tucked away in the corner of one of those enormous chairs that every "Varsity man must have to get him through his "Little Go," was the diminutive England scrum-half—fast asleep. It seemed a shame to wake him. But when I shouted, "What about Dublin?" he sat up, rubbed his eyes, and sleepily greeted me. "Dublin, did you say? Well, it wasn't unexpected, was it?" Having replied in the negative, I told him that I wanted to learn the secret of his wonderful accuracy in slinging out passes. He led me furtively to a

hand—not wishing to detain him any longer from a lecture he was dying to attend.

H. P. JACOB.

"Yes," said the Dark Blue left centre three-quarter, "it is quite true I have only comparatively recently given up the thoroughly rotund ball for the ellipse." He was having his hair cut at the time, and it was with difficulty I restrained myself from picking up one of the detached portions of his dark, naturally waved coiffure and carrying it off as a souvenir.

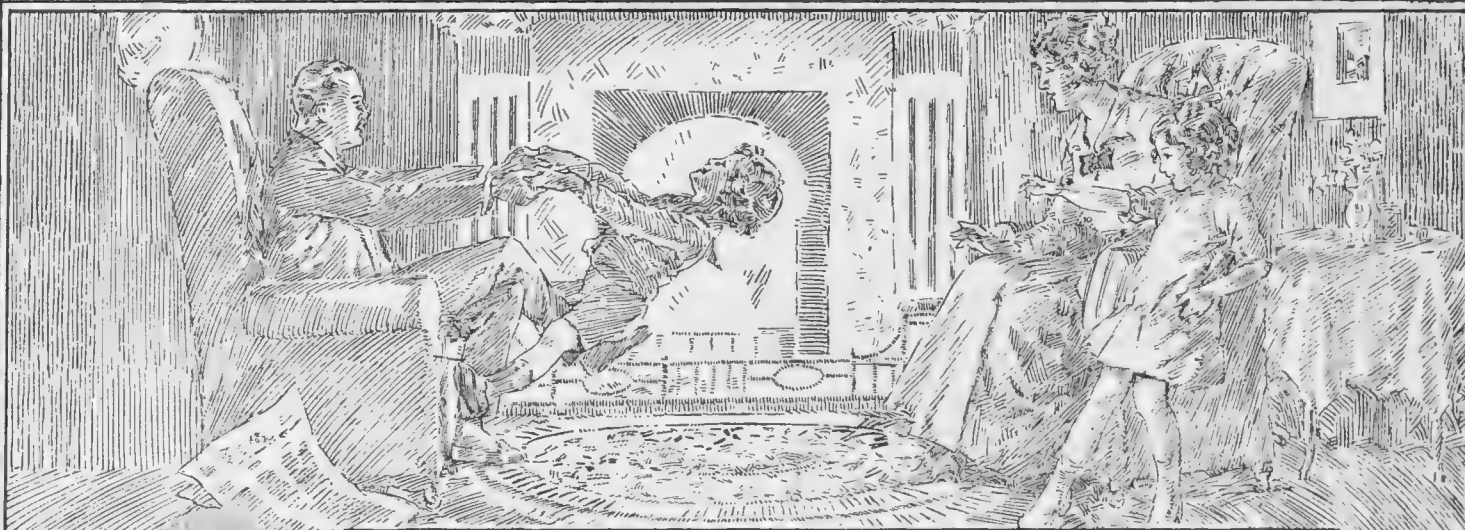
"And which do you prefer?" I asked, noting how, even through the voluminous folds of the barber's drapery, the fine physique of England's left wing three-quarter was clearly defined. "There is no joy like that which the Rugger player experiences in the quick pass, the swerve, the cut through—"

Whether at this point Jacob, in illustrating the swerve, moved his head I can't say; but, noticing that the scissors had cut through something other than hair, I hurriedly departed, convinced that a barber's shop was no place for an interview with anyone.



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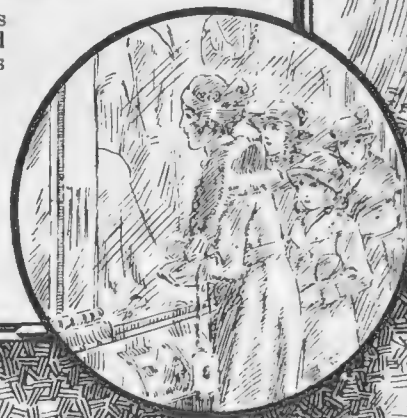
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Anonymity.

I wonder if it helps a book of frank reminiscences when the author remains anonymous? Curiosity, of course, is aroused, and there are bound to be guesses at the name of the author, which help to advertise the book. On the other hand, the reader is somewhat irritated by the constant effort to pierce the veil. He thinks he is on the right scent, and at that moment the anonymous one calmly mentions the very name that the reader had in his mind. The search must then start again from the beginning, and all this mental effort distracts attention from the stories the author has to tell.

I cannot quite see why anybody should remain anonymous. If the name is a famous one, it will lend increased interest to the book; if it is not, the owner will never make it famous by remaining anonymous. Besides, there is always a slight doubt in the mind of the reader as to the truth of the anecdotes. Why should not any person who has occupied a position of confidence in elevated circles pose, anonymously, as the bosom friend of Kings and Emperors? After all, most of the people with whom he deals are probably dead; and so long as he is careful to say nice things about the living, he is safe enough.

The publishers claim for "Uncensored Recollections," "Uncensored Recollections" that it is one of the frankest and best books of gossip that have ever been written; "in fact," they continue, in their enthusiasm, "it is probably the best book of gossip that has been published during the last twenty years."

Well, I have not read all, or half, or a tenth of the books of gossip that have been published in the last twenty years, but I have read a good many, and the distinguishing feature of this one is that it bristles with very great names. We move almost all the time in royal circles. The author claims to have been on very intimate terms with the Prince of Wales who became Edward VII. He was constantly being entrusted with delicate and secret missions on behalf of the Prince of Wales. He tells numberless stories of the Prince of Wales that I have never before heard. And they certainly seem to ring true.

Our coy friend cannot be very young; indeed, judging from internal evidence, he must be quite an old gentleman. And he has the old gentleman's trick of parenthesis. For example:

"A name Sam (Lewis) was very fond of seeing on a bill was that of that brick of bricks, Harry Vane Milbank: 'I can do with as much of that paper as you care to bring me,' said Sam. Of course, if Harry Milbank had not made a *mésalliance*, he would have inherited Raby and pots of money ('It's a pity at Raby, there isn't a baby,' wrote 'cheeky' Villiers); but as it was, an arrangement was come to with Lord Rosebery's step-father, the late and last Duke of Cleveland, and Sir Frederick Milbank—the second

best shot in Great Britain in those days—and his son Harry; a cheque for an enormous sum was given, and my friend Harry dropped out; but not penniless—far from it. He married a woman called Baby Douglas, and came to live in Paris, where in his beautiful house in the Avenue Montaigne (nearly opposite the silly Pompeian Palace built by 'Plon Plon') he set about making a collection of rare and valuable boxes of all kinds—snuff-boxes, powder-boxes, bonbonnières, etc.—the collection was estimated to be worth over £40,000 (a million francs). His wife was a common woman (she died only the other day in St. John's Wood); but everyone, from the Prince of Wales down, knew and loved Harry. By the way, when

Lord Beaconsfield.

Our author was a friend of Lord Beaconsfield; indeed, he was haled from school by Lord Derby, on purpose to be taken to Grosvenor Gate to meet Disraeli. He was prepared, he says, to see somebody of a dismal and gloomy appearance, but not quite so dismal as all that. His disappointment must have displayed itself in his face, and Disraeli doubtless perceived it, and thought he had better make amends with an epigram. Epigrams were rather the thing in those artificial days.

After staring at the boy for a long time, and thinking very hard, the great man at last produced this: "The disappointed are always young." The boy was delighted with the remark, and still treasures it in his memory. He tells us that he has found it to be marvelously, almost superhumanly, true. That, of course, is sheer hero-worship, because the epigram, like most epigrams, doesn't mean anything.

What Disraeli was going to say when he looked at the boy's rueful countenance was this: "The young are always disappointed." But that would have been too obvious, and it would never do for the author of "Coningsby" to say something easy. So he just twisted it round, which made it an epigram, and the boy went back to school in the seventh heaven of delight, because the great Disraeli had made an epigram in his presence. I trust his schoolfellows found some sense in it.

The Last Meeting with Beaconsfield.

"The last time I saw Lord Beaconsfield to speak to was in the street—Piccadilly, near Clarges Street. I had only come over from Paris that morning, and had been dining at the Raleigh with a very rowdy, tipsy lot—I remember one of them threw a wild duck into the middle of the room, exclaiming: 'Do you call that d—d thing cooked?' and there was a great uproar. Going home (I was staying with friends in Knightsbridge) I saw just ahead of me in the moonlight a familiar figure, leaning on the arm of 'My darling Spencer' as he called the charming owner of beautiful Althorp—he had the most ridiculous way of calling bearded friends of his 'darling' and 'dearest'—he never honoured me, however, with anything warmer than 'my very dear.' I passed them, and then, half turning, bowed and passed on. But something seemed to tell me to linger: that I might, if I waited, soon have Dizzy to myself. So I lingered; hovered about like a garrotter waiting for a throat worth throttling. I was right, they stopped; Lord Spencer was saying good-bye. So I came up. Disraeli looked very tired. I can't say old, for he always looked very old, but he was certainly ill, and weak. He asked about Paris, and then he said, 'Well, now I must go. I'm very tired. *Bonne nuit et dormez bien!*' He pronounced French vilely, but in these last words to me there was no chance of great mispronunciation. . . . He died within a month."

[Continued overleaf.]



THE "GODFATHER OF WEMBLEY": MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, WHO HAS NAMED THE STREETS AND SQUARES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION—AS SAVA SEES HIM.

The author of "Kim," "Plain Tales from the Hills," and "The Seven Seas" was undoubtedly the right choice as the godfather for the Wembley Exhibition, for Mr. Rudyard Kipling has an astonishing faculty for happy nomenclature in his novels and poems. Mrs. Hawksbee, Captain Gadsby, and the rest are all admirably christened, and Wembley has been godfathered with the same sure touch. "The Fairway of the Five Nations," "The Place of Youth," and "Unity Bridges," are all happy inventions from the pen of the Imperial song-maker and weaver of tales of Empire.

From the Caricature by Sava.

a mere lad in the Blues he nearly married the famous Mabel Gray (her real name was Annie King, and she came originally from Jay's mourning shop), and his father and the Duke of Cleveland were only just in time to stop it."

So the memories come pouring out, every name suggesting another, until we are nearly overwhelmed in the cataract of nicknames, anecdotes, and forgotten scandals.

(Continued.)

Sam Lewis. We have already heard something about Sam Lewis, the famous money-lender. But there is much more. Our author assures us that men would go to Mr. Lewis with £20,000 a year, and leave him with nothing but a cab-fare. He tells us of one unfortunate individual whose income of £80,000 a year was reduced to £1000 a year, and he only had that because it could not be touched in any way.

And yet everybody loved Mr. Lewis, even the people whom the author declares he robbed. The writer of this volume was very friendly with the gentleman he describes as a robber.

"I met once in the Burlington Arcade a man who had been reduced from considerable wealth to absolute penury by artful Sammy's 'jolly' ways; and speaking of him to me, his victim called him a thorough brick! The thing was so absolutely comic and ridiculous that I could not help dropping in and telling Sam: I knew he was always glad to have a laugh and chat with me, and I wanted one of his big cigars."

The question is, would dear Mr. Lewis have been so loved if he had lost all the money thus acquired? Would he have been worth knowing if he had not kept "big cigars"? I think I should have admired this anonymous friend of Kings and Princes more if he had taken his ruined pal somewhere and bought him a big cigar. But I suppose that would have been posterously Quixotic and "sentimental."

Randolph Churchill.

There is a nice little pat on the back for Mr. Winston Churchill, but his father comes in for a terrible flaying. He was abusive, he was drunken, he ate too much, and he had no ability at all!

"All he wanted to do was to eat and sleep, and he merely went in for the Law and Modern History school because it was notoriously the most easy examination to pass. He was wholly ignorant all his life of literature, either of his own or foreign countries (except novels), and of the classics; though the simian aptitude for rapid assimilation, of which I have already spoken, helped him to 'cram up' any subject in a night that he might want to use on the morrow."

Then follow a great many intimate details of "Randy's" marriage which it seems to me questionable taste to print even at this time of day. I have no doubt they will prove interesting to a large number of old gentlemen who were alive at that period. For a few days, no doubt, there will be less snoring in the club libraries. But I don't like this vindictive tone about a man who is dead and cannot respond. If the author had not remained anonymous, I think he might have heard from the son whom he pats on the back.

Frank? Yes. Racy? Oh, yes. The best of its kind? Well, judge for yourself.

"Defeat."

Mr. Geoffrey Moss is well known to readers of this journal, and it is unnecessary, therefore, to enlarge upon his ability as a writer. The volume before me is made up of six stories, some short, and others rather on the long side. I do not think he has been particularly well served by the artist who designed the wrapper, which would suggest

something in the style of "The Young Visitors" rather than a "grim indictment of cruelty and pride." Nor do I think the publishers need have drawn our attention quite so urgently to the propagandist nature of the work. "The tragedy of a ruined people" and "the betrayal of a conquered race" are phrases which will not make a great appeal to conquerors who are themselves suffering, although they did not provoke the war, and to a people who are themselves ruined, or not very far from it.

After all, the treatment is everything, and in the story called "Moi, Je Suis Français" Mr. Moss shows an excellent simplicity of technique which comes as a relief after the bundles of clumsiness overlaid with superficial cleverness which have earned spurious reputations for some of our new authors.

M'poo, an African soldier in the French Army, is placed as sentry over the mechanism of an aerial railway in a depot.



FORMERLY MRS. ANNE MEREDITH BIGELOW: THE BRIDE OF MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. SIR CHARLES SACKVILLE-WEST.

The marriage of Major-General the Hon. Sir Charles Sackville-West, British Military Attaché in Paris, and brother and heir-presumptive to Lord Sackville, to Mrs. Anne Meredith Bigelow, was celebrated in New York recently. The new Lady Sackville-West met Sir Charles last year at Cowes on board Lord Inchcape's yacht. She is a beautiful woman, and was formerly on the stage.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

"From there, too, one had an uninterrupted view of the aerial railway. At the end of it the bucket, large as a lift, hung inert below the iron staging. Suddenly it would descend on the end of a wire, exactly as a spider does. It would plunge with open jaws into the great canal barge below; a pause; then, more like a spider than ever, it would climb up its wire again; another

pause; and it would run off along the aerial railway, rounding the bends and corners, till finally it would disappear behind the big building with the tall brick chimney. Nothing M'poo had seen had ever pleased him so much. Tanks were wonderful, but of uncertain tempers, however friendly their crews might be. The dredger at Cherbourg had absorbed his attention for a whole idle morning; but one could not help being somewhat afraid of anything that gave forth sounds of such grinding anguish. This aerial railway was perfect; it did incredible things, yet each time it performed the exact miracle for which one was waiting. It was silent; the bucket slid along below the staging as though it enjoyed the work. He could watch it for hours."

I like our author better in this mood than when he is describing the hectic night-life of German cafés. Perhaps we are all just a little tired of that. With his clear style and human understanding of simple types, Mr. Geoffrey Moss could give us some refreshing and delightful stories. Nor would he find the field overcrowded.

"England, My England."

This, also, is a volume of stories. Mr. D. H. Lawrence, in the tale that gives a title to the volume, tells of one Egbert who wanted to live a life in the country with love and flowers, but was compelled by the war to give his life for England. Egbert had no particular desire to fight. He had no particular desire to do anything but make love to his wife and dig in the garden. He was a nice fellow, but feeble, and his thinking was rather confused.

"Egbert just refused to reckon with the world. He just refused even to decide between German militarism and British industrialism." (Which, of course, was not the choice.) "He chose neither. As for atrocities, he despised the people who committed them, as inferior criminal types. There was nothing national about crime."

Egbert, you see, had a sort of idea that the German officers and soldiers who committed atrocities just committed them to please themselves, when the mood took them, and where they liked. A strange idea of war as waged by the organising Hun! But then, Egbert had not seen the official papers on the subject.

Uncensored Recollections. By "Anon." (Nash and Grayson; 12s. 6d. net.)

Defeat. By Geoffrey Moss. (Constable; 6s.)

England, My England! By D. H. Lawrence. (Secker; 7s. 6d. net.)



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Down the Trossachs.

On the occasion of the recent Scottish Motor Show the Scottish Motor Trades Association very kindly invited those visitors and manufacturers hailing from the South to take a motor pilgrimage down the Trossachs by way of some private road kindly opened for this occasion by the Duke of Montrose, and a new road that is being made by the Glasgow Corporation at Loch Katrine. Under the guidance of Mr. J. Inglis Kerr, F.S.A. (Scot.), the party of some 140 motorists absorbed not only the bracing air, but the folk-lore of this area of Rob Roy and the Lady of the Lake. What is interesting from the purely motoring point of view is that after reaching Aberfoyle the cars travelled over the old coaching road that up to that occasion had been entirely closed to the motor-car. Also there is a pleasant road round Loch Ard that can be recommended for its views, though the road climbing the hill is somewhat narrow, and the corkscrew descent requires careful driving coming down to Duchray Castle. Having seen Loch Ard, Loch Katrine, Loch Achray, and Loch Vennachar, the pilgrims crossed the River Teith and proceeded to Callender Hydropathic for tea, where an admirable selection of Scottish songs and ballads was presented by several singers and an excellent orchestra. As Southerners perhaps know, the Trossachs mean a series of lochs, and certainly the party saw plenty of them, as,



THE WINNER IN CLASS III. OF THE KILOMETRE ICE RACE AT MALMÖ: MRS. C. SCHULTZ IN HER 14-H.P. CROSSLEY.

Two Crossley 14-h.p. touring cars scored a remarkable success at Malmö, Sweden, by obtaining first and second places in Class III. in the Kilometre Ice Race. The fact that the driver of the winning Crossley was a lady, Mrs. C. Schultz, of Malmö, roused much interest. Her time was thirty-nine seconds, which is equal to ninety-two kilometres the hour.

besides those already mentioned, both Loch Rusky and the Lake of Mentieth were passed on the way back to Glasgow via Gartmore, Killearn, Dumgoyne, Strathblane, and Milnagarvie, a total run of 110 miles. And a bright, sunny day, too, added to the enjoyment of the company. As the short cut across the Duke of Montrose's private road saved many miles, the hope was expressed that this road would be more generally thrown open to the motorist in the future.

Six Days' Small Car Trial.

In order to keep in the limelight, the R.A.C. propose holding a six days' small-car trial in May this year for vehicles equipped with engines not exceeding 1600 c.c. cubic capacity. I believe the classes will be divided by the price at which the vehicle is to be sold; but in any case precious little good can be gathered out of

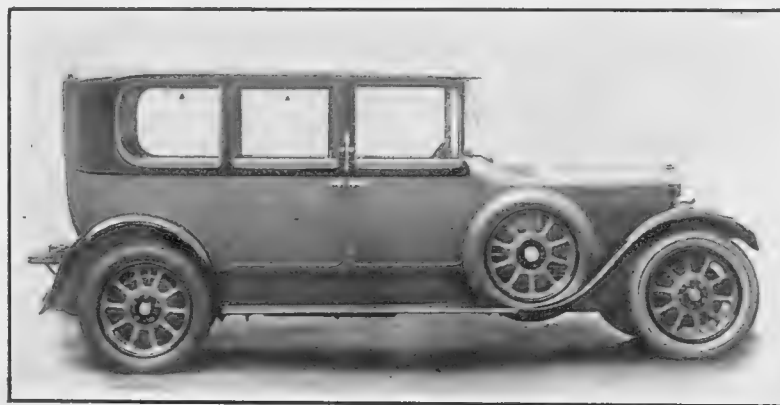
a trial like this on the twenty-miles-per-hour speed basis. I know there are plenty of folk that grumble if the Club do not run some sort of competition, in order that the entrants should get some free publicity from the Fourth Estate. But the latter are tired of that dodge, and are not going to give it them unless they really create news by accidents or exciting incidents; which is very doubtful. It is suggested that in this trial each day's run will be about 160 miles, and include one timed hill each day; also that the trial shall take place in a hilly district, and each day's run will start and return to the same centre. Considering that all the well-known small cars are quite capable of tackling any ordinary hill they may meet with on usual roads, this excuse for a week's outing seems too silly, except to encourage a number of small and unknown makers to run their models, which could be easily dispensed with. The day has gone by when the small "hand-made" vehicle stands a chance as a business proposition. It cannot compete in price or in service with the big firms. And the latter have made no dividends for many years, so what chance have the smaller ones of doing so? And yet the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders propose to support a trial of this character when the law, as it stands, prevents the cars in the trials being driven as hard as they usually are in ordinary private owners' hands every day.

Parking Cars: Spaces Wanted.

London during the locomotive - drivers and engine-stokers' strike further emphasised the need for more parking



spaces, that should be provided especially in the City of London. Men who would drive themselves down to their offices every day now go by train, because there is no place where they can leave their cars while they



A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF COACHWORK: MR. D'ARCY BAKER'S FIAT SALOON.

This Fiat saloon, which is the property of Mr. D'Arcy Baker, is fitted throughout with Triplex safety glass, and has coachwork by Maythorn.

are at business. Also no ordinary motorist can afford to pay garage charges for leaving his car a few hours. For instance, when one may wish to visit the Empire Exhibition at Wembley there is parking space provided in an enclosure that can hold 600 cars. But it makes one's visit to this exhibition more expensive, as the charges for cars will be 5s. per day, or 3s. 6d. after 6 p.m.; two-seaters to pay 3s. 6d., or 2s. 6d. after 6 p.m.; motor-cycles and side-cars, 2s. 6d., or 1s. 6d. after 6 p.m.; and solo machines, 1s. Now I consider this disgustingly expensive, as 1s. for leaving the car in an open parking place is ample fee to pay. And all garages in London demand similar extortionate fees, with the result that people hunt up back streets and corners to leave their cars and pay nothing. After all, if one has to pay £1 per week for parking one's car during the daytime, and garage at 10s. 6d. per week during the night, besides the ordinary cleaning charges, there is the best part of £100 gone each year, and nothing to show for it. Which is much more than the petrol-bill for the year. No; both the users and the sellers of motor-cars will have to get together over free parking spaces if car-ownership is to increase as much as the trade would like. The present position of the owner-driver with a car in town is that the using of his vehicle for anything but joy-riding is fraught with difficulties.



ON THE "CHONK" AT PATIALA: A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER.

This snapshot from the East shows the "Chonk" at Patiala, with one of the latest six-cylinder motor-carriages in the centre. The snapshot gives a very good idea of the picturesque crowds to be seen in India.



A Golf "Mystery."

By R. Endersby Howard.



Secret Wonders. The other day, I paid one of my occasional visits to the Swinley Forest course, near Ascot. Swinley Forest is unique in the system of golf. Nearly everybody has heard of it, but only in a vague and mysterious way. There is an impression that it is a kind of Lhasa of the links—a forbidden stronghold, to enter which a stranger would have to disguise himself as a member, know a lot of strange signs and passwords, and even then chance being executed if his identity were discovered. That there is something very wonderful about it is accepted as an established fact; but what it is that makes it so wonderful is regarded as a secret known only to the members—who never disclose it.

Perfect Peace. That it is an extraordinarily fine course—different from any other—is now a tradition; but people point out that no competition ever takes place on it. And they ask why. You might talk to hundreds of golfers who, although they confessed to having heard in impressive whispers of its undescribed marvels, would tell you that they could not even find their way to it, and would not like to try, lest they should be accused of striving to enter Paradise without proper credentials. One fairly common supposition is that the club consists entirely of millionaires of a very special kind—the cream of the Cræsus hierarchy, who are elected to membership, not because they possess immense wealth, but because they happen to be extraordinarily splendid people as well.

In point of fact, there is nothing very terrifying about Swinley Forest except that the first tenet of its constitution is to avoid overcrowding and the excitement of tournaments. It simply wants to be quiet; and—situated in a secluded and picturesque part of Berkshire, where not a picture is to be seen save the club-house, and where only an occasional motor-car passing along the road in the distance ever disturbs the silence—it has every opportunity of achieving its desire.

An Inexorable Limit. I believe the course was laid out very largely as a result of the initiative of Lord Derby and a few friends, who grew weary of the delays—sometimes of an hour's duration—which are common on the first teeing ground during a fine week-end on almost any good course. The Swinley Forest Club came into existence in 1911; and that it has served its purpose is proved by the fact that it has always had a waiting list. At present, there are about fifty names on that list, for only 200 members are accepted; so that the course is never overcrowded.

The result is an air of restfulness and sociability which finds expression in several ways. One of them is that, in the club-house, everybody helps himself from well-filled sideboards at luncheon time.

The Spirit of Discovery.

There is no menu and no waiter, save an attendant who serves liquid accompaniment. Lunch at Swinley Forest has the elements of a mission of adventure and discovery. There is a stimulus to the appetite in the expedition to the sideboards; the critical examination of a great variety of viands as one walks along the line like a general reviewing troops; the observation of tasty corners and the supreme authority to choose between well-done and underdone; and the final satisfaction of carving, no matter how inexpert one may be at it. In a crowded club-house, the perambulations of members—some going towards

the sideboards to begin the luncheon enterprise, and others coming away with their prize-laden plates complete even unto gravy—might lead to collisions and disasters, but there is never a crowd at Swinley Forest. Everybody serves himself in about a tenth of the time that ordinarily is occupied in securing the fulfilment of an order.

"Millionaires' " As a Modesty.

As a golf course Swinley Forest reminds one irresistibly of Sunningdale, from which it is only a few miles distant. It has the same bold and sweeping type of undulating ground, and is carved through the same kind of heather. Abutting on it is a majestic pine forest; indeed, it is clear that many trees had to be felled in order to make room for the course. I do not suppose that anywhere there is an inland green with richer natural attributes; the turf is almost like velvet-pile, and the variety of the holes is as striking as the distinctive character of the course. Lucky are the 200 people who put their names down in time to be able to belong to this club for an annual subscription of ten guineas. I think it can be said that the Swinley Park members are connoisseurs in tranquillity, and that the impression that they are all millionaires is grossly exaggerated. The only justification for such a dreadful suspicion is that, during the week, a visitor is charged no more than half-a-crown as green fee, which strikes one as being an absurdly small sum—just the sum that

millionaires would as soon have as five shillings. It ought to be pointed out, however, that the visitor cannot play without a written introduction from a member, unless he is accompanied by a member.

Souls Above Handicaps.

There is no handicap list at Swinley Forest. There is a record of the membership hanging in the club-house, and against a few of the names are figures presumably meant to refer to handicaps; but the figures are so few and far between—and admittedly out of date—that nobody takes the list seriously for handicap purposes. No ratings are necessary, because the club never holds a competition.

Giving Starts in Yards.

Arising, perhaps, from this fact is a form of match which is played extensively by the members at Swinley Forest, but is, I think, virtually unknown elsewhere. There are three sets of teeing grounds at every hole—forward tees, medium tees, and back tees. It is a frequent practice for the better player to give his opponent not so many strokes in the round, but to

let him start from the medium tees or the forward tees. The back-marker drives from the back tees, and so concedes an allowance in yards instead of strokes. The principle has been found to work well, because the carries over heather and other difficulties are simplified for the inferior golfer.



THE ROYAL NAVY AND MARINES V. THE CAVALRY CLUB AT BRAMSHOTT: LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER JOHNSTON AND CAPTAIN OSBORNE.

The match between the Royal Navy and Royal Marines and the Cavalry Club resulted in a victory for the Navy and Marines by seven matches to five. Lieutenant-Commander Johnston defeated Captain Osborne in the singles by one hole.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



A MEMBER OF THE CAVALRY CLUB TEAM: MAJOR GILLIATT.

Major Gilliatt, who played for the Cavalry Club against the Royal Navy and Royal Marines Golfing Society, won his match against Commander Bruce by 4 and 2.

Photograph by S. and G.



PLAYING IN THE MATCH AT BRAMSHOTT: CAPTAIN MACFARLANE, R.N., AND MR. OMEROD. Mr. Omerod defeated Captain Macfarlane, R.N., in the singles in the match between the Cavalry Club and the Royal Navy and Royal Marines by one hole.

Photograph by S. and G.



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Film is regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

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Under old methods, few escaped tooth troubles. So dental science sought for ways to daily fight that film.

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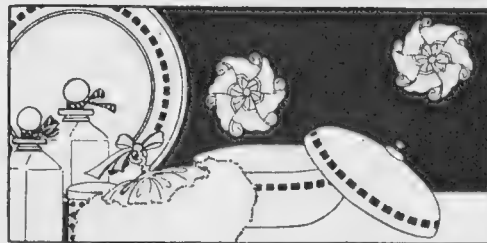
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"MAKE BEAUTY A DUTY"

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD.



Shell-pink crêpe-de-Chine and filet lace make the fascinating sleeveless nightie, and white crêpe-de-Chine, ornamented with drawn threadwork and lace the cami-knickers below. Sketched at P. Steinmann and Co., 185, Piccadilly, W.

Echoes of a Society Wedding.

We can none of us resist taking a romantic interest in a bride's trousseau; even the creators themselves—from the all-important designer down to the smallest *midinette* who puts in the last stitch—seem to be inspired to do their very best for the enthralling occasion. Certainly there could have been no happier inspirations than those which Zyrot et Cie., 14, Hanover Square, W., materialised in several frocks and hats included in the trousseau of Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford, formerly Miss June Chaplin, who was married last week. Her going-away frock was



Strappings of kid in novel designs decorate these sandals of black suède, for which Abbott and Sons are responsible.

delightfully simple. Made of beige marocain, it was perfectly straight, buttoning the whole way down the front like a chorister's cassock. With it was worn a small duvetyn hat ornamented with very long glycerine feathers drooping gracefully over one shoulder. Another small hat, destined to be worn with a black frock, was a captivating forerunner of the new spring mode. With the crown of black picot straw and the tiny rolled-up brim of satin, it was trimmed each side under the brim with a vivid scarlet flower. And no less attractive was the amusing "sou'-wester" hat of stitched velvet to be worn with a straight, almost tailor-made golf-suit of cashmere wool expressed in Egyptian pink—a fascinating nuance invented by this clever designer. The nautical note of the hat was continued in the straight over-shirt of putty-coloured crêpe-de-Chine; the collar being loosely tied in front with a sailor's-knot, and developing into a long hanging tie.

Some Shoes of the Moment.

It is certainly reassuring to know that heels in Paris are higher than ever, and that there is no serious prospect of the flat variety venturing beyond the sphere of golf and country shoes. Embroidery figures largely on fascinating ball-room and theatre slippers. Black satin models may boast heels and toes worked in vivid scarlet and blue, or facings of gold-leaved embroidery; while yet another effective idea is an edging of scintillating rhinestones. Shoes for the afternoon are no less original. A pair in patent leather can be fastened by narrow, brightly coloured straps, forming a frame for enamelled initials; and another may boast a fold of lizard-skin overlapping the edges. Patent-leather and lizard-skin are still favourite media of expression, and they share the honours equally by being subtly allied in practically every shoe designed for matinées and the "five o'clock."

The Sacred Lizard.

And, speaking of lizards, I was recently told by an authority on the subject that shoes of this skin will not only get dearer, but will rapidly become more rare (and consequently even more fashionable) as the season advances. The reason is that the lizards required for the shoes come from Java and Brazil, where, in some parts, they are regarded by the natives as sacred animals. Their sudden leap into the world of fashion, therefore, is not at all appreciated, and already in several places it has been made a criminal offence to kill them. When it is realised that four lizard-skins are required to make one pair of shoes, it is obvious that this law will have a considerable effect upon the prices at which we purchase them in Europe.

Inexpensive Models from Abbotts.

Fortunately, however, shoes of lizard-skin can still be secured at reasonable prices, especially if one seeks them from the well-known firm of Abbott and Sons, whose branches are legion. The well-built models pictured on this page were sketched in their salons at 58, Regent Street, W. The single shoe on the right, of beautifully marked lizard-skin, is only 63s.; and lace-up or Court shoe designs are the same price. The one-strap crocodile models bound with kid are also 63s.; and flat-



Olive Hewerdine.

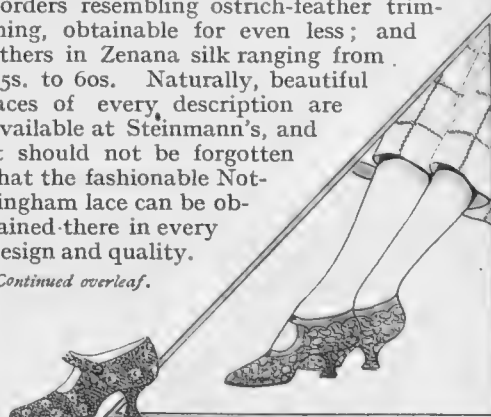
Filmy shadow lace has been chosen by P. Steinmann and Co. to complete this pretty matinée jacket of blue crêpe-de-Chine.

heeled walking shoes of the same skin can be secured for 45s. On the left are attractive sandals in black suède, faced with kid in different designs. Either pair can be obtained for 35s. The same design is also exceedingly smart expressed in patent leather with grey kid strappings. An illustrated brochure giving full details of the many models obtainable will be sent, on application, gratis and post free to all readers of this paper. And those residing some little distance away from the nearest branch should note that a single shoe will be sent on approval if desired.

Lingerie and Lace.

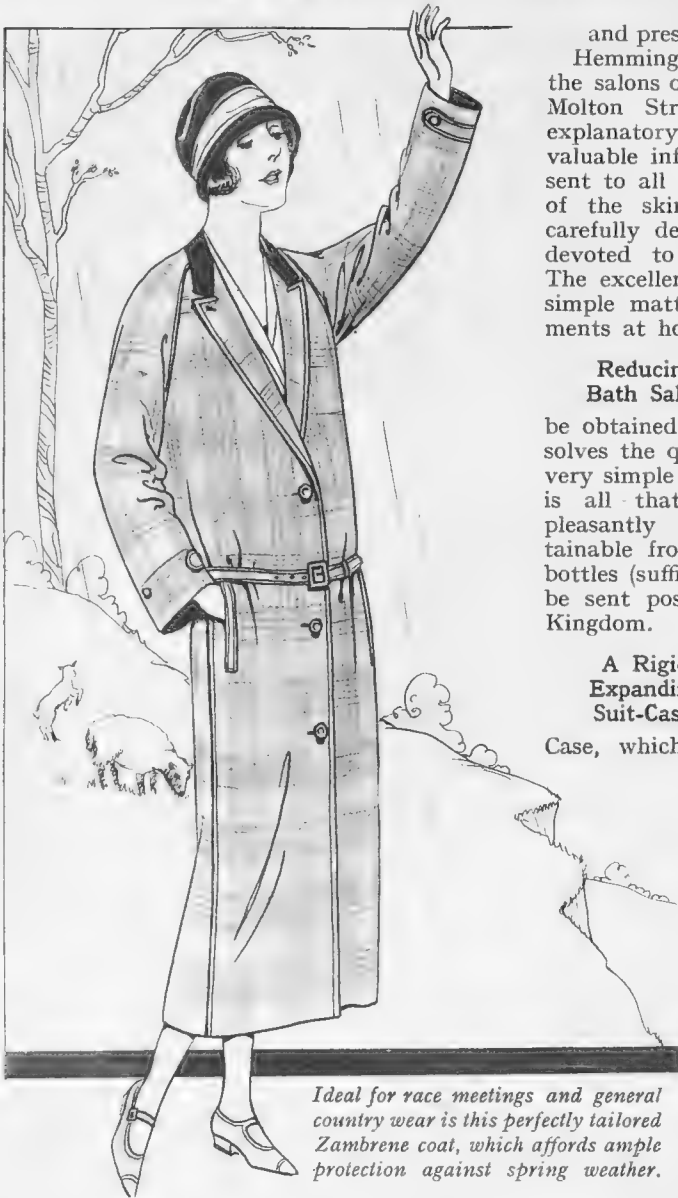
The new sleeveless nightie, with long arm-holes defined by narrow panels of lace, is very effectively illustrated by the fascinating affair of shell-pink crêpe-de-Chine and filet lace sketched above, which I saw in the salons of P. Steinmann and Co., 185, Piccadilly, W. The price is only 55s. 6d., and with it is worn a demure boudoir-cap of imitation Brussels lace, modelled on the lines of an Egyptian head-dress. The delightful cami-knickers also pictured are expressed in heavy white crêpe-de-Chine, ornamented with Paris lace and drawn threadwork. But it is to the charms of the novel matinée jacket on the right that one falls an immediate victim. It is expressed in sky-blue crêpe-de-Chine and shadow lace; and, surprising though it may seem, the price is only 45s. There are also cosy dressing-jackets of soft pink wool, with fluffy fringed borders resembling ostrich-feather trimming, obtainable for even less; and others in Zenana silk ranging from 45s. to 60s. Naturally, beautiful laces of every description are available at Steinmann's, and it should not be forgotten that the fashionable Nottingham lace can be obtained there in every design and quality.

[Continued overleaf.]



Beautifully marked lizard-skin expresses the attractive shoe on the right; and soft crocodile leather bound with kid, the adjacent pair. They hail from Abbott's.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.



Ideal for race meetings and general country wear is this perfectly tailored Zambrene coat, which affords ample protection against spring weather.

Zambrene Coats for Fickle Weather.

In the spring the brilliant sunshine lightly turns to showers of rain, and, if we wish to face them unconcernedly, we must obviously be armed with a reliable wrap of some description. Fortunately, the old-fashioned, unwieldy capes with their voluminous folds bear no resemblance to the perfectly tailored Zambrene coats of to-day, which can be worn over the most elaborate toilette or simple country suit without looking in the least incongruous. The model pictured above, for instance, is an ideal wrap for race-meetings, travelling, and country wear generally. It is of brown fleecy material with a faint over-check of blue and red. The other is an exceptionally graceful coat which is suitable for all occasions. The large double-collar can be worn open, if desired, thus affording an additional protection to the shoulders. Obtainable from all outfitters of prestige, Zambrene wraps are available in nearly every colour. The many check designs are particularly attractive, expressed in all the newest spring tones, including a striking and very effective alliance of black and white, showing faint touches of scarlet.

Cultivating Natural Beauty.

Women of to-day are at last realising the importance of cultivating natural beauty—a simple custom which was responsible many centuries ago for the famous Grecian perfection in face and form which we still envy and admire in old statues. There can be no better proof than these regarding the success of such a course, and this is the keynote of the system of cultivating

and preserving natural beauty which Mrs. Hemming, the well-known specialist in the salons of the Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, W., has devised. A free explanatory booklet containing a mine of valuable information on the subject will be sent to all readers of this paper. The care of the skin and complexion generally is carefully dealt with, and several pages are devoted to directions for home massage. The excellent illustrations given render it a simple matter to carry out effective treatments at home.

Reducing Bath Salts.

In addition to these treatments, Cyclax Violet Ray Reducing Bath Salts can be obtained from Mrs. Hemming, who thus solves the question of weight-reduction in a very simple manner. A handful in the bath is all that is necessary, and they are pleasantly fragrant and stimulating. Obtainable from the Cyclax Salons in 7s. 6d. bottles (sufficient for twelve baths), they will be sent post free anywhere in the United Kingdom.

A Rigid Expanding Suit-Case.

The latest innovation designed for the traveller's comfort is the magical Revelation Expanding Suit-Case, which may be seen at 169, Piccadilly, W. This rigid expanding case can be instantly adjusted to the size of one's equipment, whether it be for a week-end or for a month. Thus it is always comfortably filled, yet possesses the valuable capacity to hold more. Strongly but lightly built, each case locks rigidly at any of its fourteen possible sizes, and is obtainable in various materials. The same idea has been introduced into attaché cases, dressing-bags, and large trunks. An illustrated catalogue giving full particulars of these indispensable accessories will be sent on application to all readers of this paper.

Fashions in Shoe-Laces.

Shoe-laces are no longer the dull, inevitable black which were to be seen in every pair of shoes not so very many years ago. Nowadays, on the contrary, they are as varied as the shoes they fasten, and nigger, mole, and tan are the more prevalent colourings. But the changes are not confined to colour; patent tags which no longer vanish mysteriously, and super-strength and wearing qualities—these are all merits enjoyed by Paton's laces, obtainable everywhere in all shades for fourpence and sixpence a pair. On brogues and thick walking shoes for the country leather laces (costing the same amount) bestow a neat, workmanlike appearance, and are naturally extremely practical. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining these laces, application should be made direct to Paton, Ltd., Johnstone, Scotland.

Georgian Toilet Luxuries.

It is almost superfluous, I know, to introduce Britton's Georgian Toilet Preparations to any readers of *The Sketch*, as they are so well known to every discriminating woman; but it is not always realised how exceedingly inexpensive they are. The familiar scarlet oval-shaped box enclosing the finely sifted powder which really clings and imparts a delicate fragrance is obtainable in 1s. 3d. or 2s. 6d. sizes; and the corresponding perfume, redolent of freshly gathered spring flowers, can be had in 4s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. bottles, boasting prettily engraved ruby glass stoppers. The soap, especially

beneficial to dry and delicate skins, is packed in 2s. 6d. boxes, containing three large tablets. Naturally, everyone prefers to remain consistent in the use of one fragrance only throughout all the necessary toilet luxuries, and every need is fulfilled by these delightful preparations, which even include excellent shampoo powders that leave the hair soft and silky.

Fadeless Furnishing.

With spring and summer pleasantly near at hand, our thoughts naturally turn to the preliminary task of spring cleaning. New curtains and chair-coverings must be substituted to complete the coveted spick-and-span appearance of the rooms; and in this connection "Bromuff" Fadeless Fabrics are invaluable. Guaranteed by their manufacturers, Brown, Muff and Co., of Bradford, Yorkshire, to be absolutely impervious to sun, sea air, or the wash-tub, they are obtainable in many weights and colourings. For casement or light curtains there is a wide variety, ranging from 1s. 11d. to 7s. 6d. per yard; and for draperies and curtains of a heavier nature, from 6s. 3d. to 15s. 9d. per yard. Patterns can be obtained on application to the above address, amongst which can be easily found a material to harmonise with any colour-scheme. All these materials are fifty inches wide. They will be sent carriage paid anywhere in Great Britain.



This graceful Zambrene model, with its practical stormproof collar, can be worn in town or country with equal success.

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THE BEST RUBBERLESS RAINCOATS

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NEW TEA GOWNS in Rich Quality Silks

TEA GOWN in rich metal brocade with sleeves and side draperies of silk georgette, the floral ornament at waist is caught on either side with loops of self georgette which leaves the plain back to fall into a graceful pointed train. In black/gold, black/silver, saxe/gold, rose/silver, royal/gold, jade/silver, and several other good colours.

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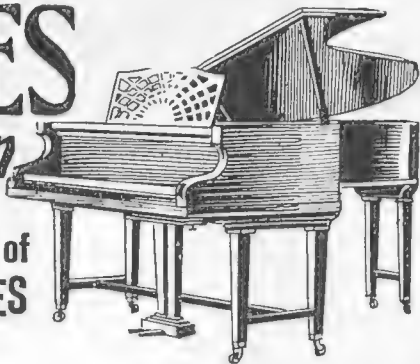
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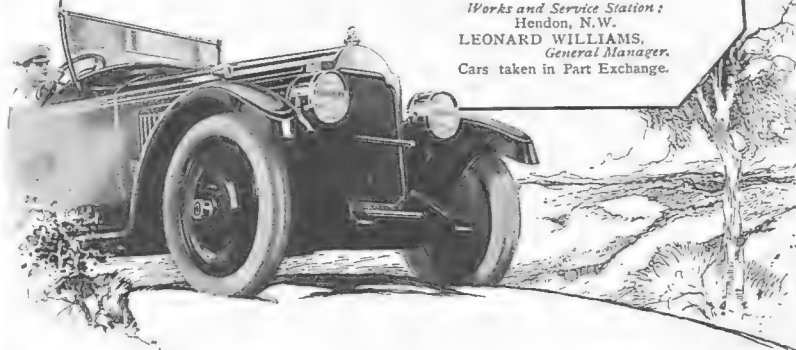
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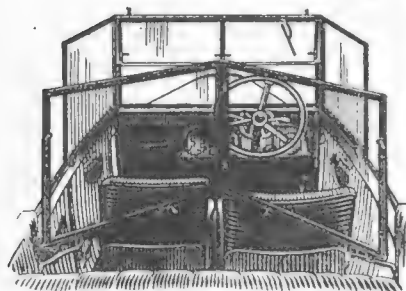
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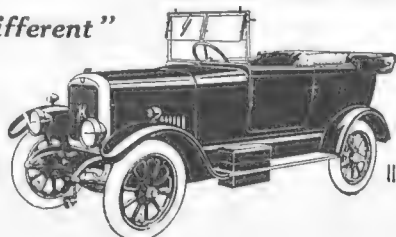
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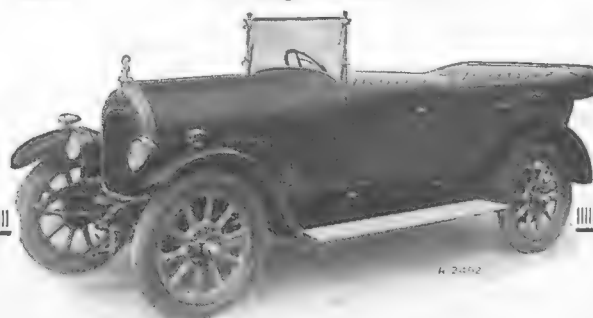
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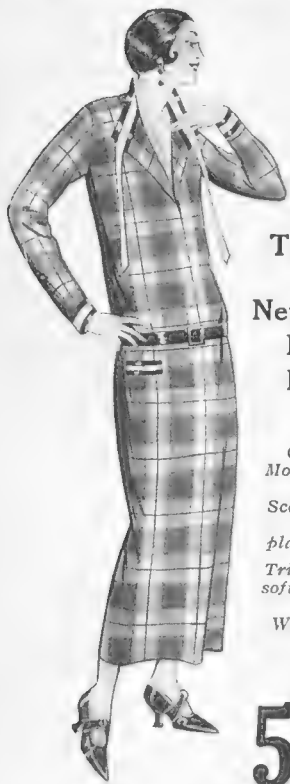
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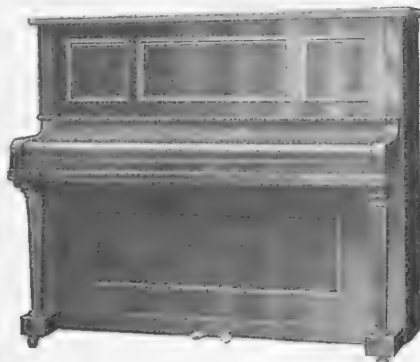
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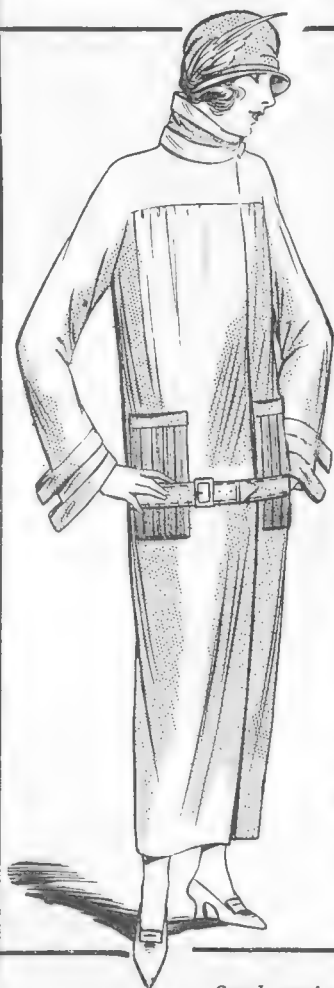
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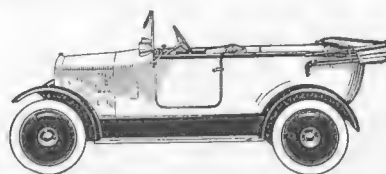
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Frock of Marron silk and wool. Brown Hat embroidered in beige chenille.

Coat and Jumper in fancy stitch with plain knitted Skirt. Hat of brown felt with appliqué leather flowers & leaves.

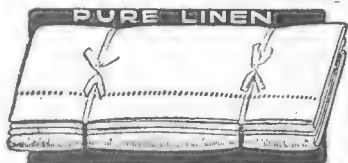
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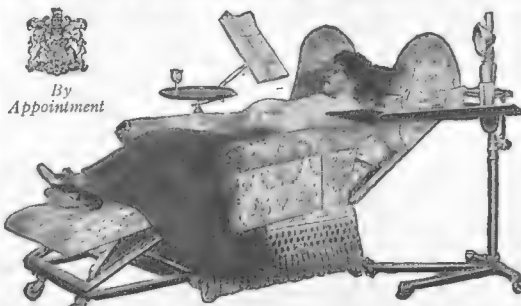
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WARWICK GABLE

WOMAN'S WAYS. (Continued.)

Coiffures for the Spring. The spring season, with its innumerable festivities both great and small, will soon be in full swing, and to present to the world a well-groomed appearance at all times is the natural wish of every woman. One of the first items to be considered is, of course, the coiffure, which can make or mar the most beautiful toilette. A safe course lies in a visit to M. Georges, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., who is the creator of the *La Naturelle* transformation, which expresses Nature in her kindest mood, and guards its secret despite the most severe scrutiny. The hair can be dressed according to individual taste, and the parting altered at will. The transformations are from 12 guineas, and toupets from 5 guineas; while it is a useful fact to remember that the *Times* system of payment by instalments is available. A catalogue giving full details and including illustrations of the numberless switches, curls, and small finishing touches designed by M. Georges for the solution of every difficulty will be sent gratis and post free on application.

A Painting Competition for Little People. Hundreds of splendid prizes (including cameras, jewelled pencil-cases, and cash awards ranging from £5 to 5s.) are offered by the manufacturers of Wright's Coal Tar Soap for a simple painting competition, open to children up to eight years of age (Class A), and from eight to sixteen (Class B). All that is necessary is to ask the chemist for the Wright's Prize Painting Book when next purchasing soap (it will be supplied free), and then to colour one of the pages and send it—together with a wrapper of Wright's Coal

Tar Soap—addressed 44-50, Southwark Street, S.E., and marked "Painting Competition." The last day for receiving entries is Feb. 29, and the results will be published in the *Daily Mail* on March 29.



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La Festa Tennis Club, Monte Carlo. The steady increase amongst tennis enthusiasts along the Riviera, and particularly at Monte Carlo, has led the International Sporting Club to open up fresh courts in order to fulfil the

requirements of the moment. The old stand in the Condamine district, where hitherto motor-boats have been housed, has lent itself admirably for this purpose, and six splendid new courts have been constructed there. Since these courts are an offshoot of La Festa, only members of this club are admitted, and application for membership should be made to the secretary, who will gladly supply all details. Subscriptions are as follows: One month, 100 frs., temporary membership; three months, 200 frs., temporary membership; twelve months, 300 frs., permanent membership. Each permanent member has the right to a numbered and reserved seat, available for all tournaments and exhibitions during the season, while temporary members requiring the same privilege pay 150 frs. The new courts in the Condamine are well exposed to the sun, and the light is therefore excellent. In the club-house the cloak-rooms are fitted with every modern convenience. There is a good reading-room where visitors will find a varied choice of papers and magazines, as well as a well-organised buffet. To sum up, everything has been done by the able management to assure the same success at the Condamine courts as has always been enjoyed at La Festa.

Festive Fare. Jellies, trifles, and all the good things necessary to this season's entertainments are foremost in the minds of all housewives just now, and it is welcome news that Bird's Jelly Crystals and blancmanges are now obtainable in the same convenient size as the famous tins of Bird's Custard. For Swiss rolls, jam-sandwiches, sponge-cakes, etc., there is the inimitable Bird's "Spongie," which makes such delightful cakes in a very short space of time.

LAST WEEKS!

LAST WEEKS!

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LAST year we offered the same prize—namely, £100—for a design for the permanent cover of *THE SKETCH*, an offer which met with an extraordinary response. We now appeal to all artists to submit a poster suitable for exhibition on hoardings or railway bookstalls.

The designs submitted should be suitable for reproduction in two colours—namely, blue and red. These two colours can be light or dark, strong or weak, at the discretion of the artist. It may be noted that black can be used, this being obtained in the reproduction by the printing of the blue over the red; as in the design on the cover of this issue of *THE SKETCH*. The designs can be drawn any size; they need not be of poster size.

Also, the designs need not contain any wording; nor need they necessarily have the present cover design incorporated in them—that is, it is not essential that our little lady with the figurines should be represented. It is essential, however, that the poster shall suggest the policy of *THE SKETCH*—that is, the treatment of artistic, social, and theatrical life.

We also make the following conditions, by which all sending in designs must abide.

1. Any artist may send in any number of designs.
2. All designs must reach this office—"The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2—by not later than the first post on March 10, 1924.
3. Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.
4. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Subject to these conditions, the Editor will pay £100 for the winning design; this to cover the original and the full copyright, which will then become the property of *The Sketch*.

Designs, except the winning design and any reserved for possible future use (by arrangement with the artists), will be returned in due course, provided postage or carriage is prepaid by the senders; but the Editor will not be responsible for the loss of or damage to any design submitted.



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THE CHESS PROBLEM.

(Continued from page 313.)

Poirot looked at them with his head on one side. "They seem so, I admit. But one should take no fact for granted until it is proved. Bring me, I pray you, my little scales."

With infinite care he weighed the two chessmen, then turned to me with a face alight with triumph. "I was right. See you, I was right. Impossible to deceive Hercule Poirot!"

He rushed to the telephone—waited impatiently. "Is that Japp? Ah, Japp, it is you. Hercule Poirot speaks. Watch the man-servant, Ivan. On no account let him slip through your fingers. Yes, yes; it is as I say."

He dashed down the receiver and turned to me. "You see it not, Hastings? I will explain. Wilson was not poisoned; he was electrocuted. A thin metal rod passes up the middle of one of those chessmen. The table was prepared beforehand and set upon a certain spot on the floor. When the bishop was placed upon one of the silver squares the current passed through Wilson's body, killing him instantly. The only mark was the electric burn upon his hand—his left hand because he was left-handed. The "special table" was an extremely cunning piece of mechanism. The table I examined was a duplicate, perfectly innocent. It was substituted for the other immediately after the murder. The thing was worked from the flat below, which, if you remember, was let furnished. But one accomplice at least was in Savaronoff's flat. The girl is an agent of the Big Four, working to inherit Savaronoff's money."

"And Ivan?"

"I strongly suspect that Ivan is none other than the famous Number Four!"—"What?"

"Yes. The man is a marvellous character actor. He can assume any part he pleases."

I thought back over past adventures: the lunatic-asylum keeper, the butcher's young man, the suave doctor—all the same man, and all totally unlike each other. "It's amazing," I said at last. "Everything fits in. Savaronoff had an inkling of the plot, and that's why he was so averse from playing the match."

Poirot looked at me without speaking. Then he turned abruptly away and began pacing up and down. "Have you a book on chess by any chance, *mon ami*?" he asked suddenly.

"I believe I have somewhere."

It took me some time to ferret it out, but I found it at last, and brought it to Poirot, who sank down in a chair and started reading it with the greatest attention.

In about a quarter of an hour the telephone rang. I answered it. It was Japp. Ivan had left the flat, carrying a large bundle. He had sprung into a waiting taxi, and the chase had begun. He was evidently trying to lose his pursuers. In the end he seemed to fancy that he had done so, and had then driven to a big empty house at Hampstead. The house was surrounded.

I recounted all this to Poirot. He merely stared at me as though he scarcely took in what I was saying. He held out the chess-book.

"Listen to this, my friend. This is the Ruy Lopez opening—1. P to K 4th, P to K 4th; 2. Kt to K B 3rd, Kt to Q B 3rd; 3. B to Kt 5th? Then there comes a question as to Black's best third move. He has the choice of various defences. It was White's third move that killed Gilmour Wilson. 3. B to Kt 5th. Only the third move—does that say nothing to you?"

I hadn't the least idea what he meant, and told him so. "Suppose, Hastings, that while you were sitting in this chair you heard the front door being opened and shut, what would you think?"

"I should think someone had gone out, I suppose." "Yes; but there are always two ways of looking at things. Someone gone out, someone come in—two totally different things, Hastings. But, if you assumed the wrong one, presently some little discrepancy would creep in and show you that you were on the wrong track."

"What does all this mean, Poirot?"

Poirot sprang to his feet with sudden energy.

"It means that I have been a triple imbecile.

Quick, quick, to the flat in Westminster. We may yet be in time."

We tore off in a taxi. Poirot returned no answer to my excited questions. We raced up the stairs. Repeated rings and knocks brought no reply, but, listening closely, I could distinguish a hollow groan coming from within.

The hall porter proved to have a master key, and after a few difficulties he consented to use it.

Poirot went straight to the inner room. A whiff of chloroform met us. On the floor was Sonia Daviloff, gagged and bound, with a great wad of saturated cotton-wool over her nose and

mouth. Poirot tore it off and began to take measures to restore her. Presently a doctor arrived, and Poirot handed her over to his charge and drew aside with me. There was no sign of Dr. Savaronoff.

"What does it all mean?" I asked, bewildered.

"It means that before two equal deductions I chose the wrong one. You heard me say that it would be easy for anyone to impersonate Sonia Daviloff because her uncle had not seen her for so many years?"—"Yes."

"Well, precisely the opposite held good also. It was equally easy for anyone to impersonate the uncle."—"What?"

"Savaronoff *did* die at the outbreak of the Revolution. The man who pretended to have escaped with such terrible hardships, the man so changed 'that his own friends could hardly recognise him,' the man who successfully laid claim to an enormous fortune—"

"Yes. Who was he?"

"Number Four. No wonder he was frightened when Sonia let him know she had overheard one of his private conversations about the Big Four. Again he has slipped through my fingers. He guessed I should get on the right track in the end, so he sent off the honest Ivan on a tortuous wild-goose chase, chloroformed the girl, and got out, having by now doubtless realised most of the securities left by Mme. Gospoja."

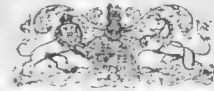
"But—but who tried to kill him, then?"

"Nobody tried to kill him. Wilson was the intended victim all along."—"But why?"

"My friend, Savaronoff was the second greatest chess-player in the world. In all probability, Number Four did not even know the rudiments of the game. Certainly he could not sustain the fiction of a match. He tried all he knew to avoid the contest. When that failed, Wilson's doom was sealed. At all costs he must be prevented from discovering that the great Savaronoff did not know how to play chess. Wilson was fond of the Ruy Lopez opening, and was certain to use it. Number Four arranged for death to come with the third move, before any complications of defence set in."

Poirot paused and then added—

"But one thing I swear to you, Hastings. Number Four and I will meet again—many times perhaps, but in the end Hercule Poirot will be victorious. It must be so." [THE END.]



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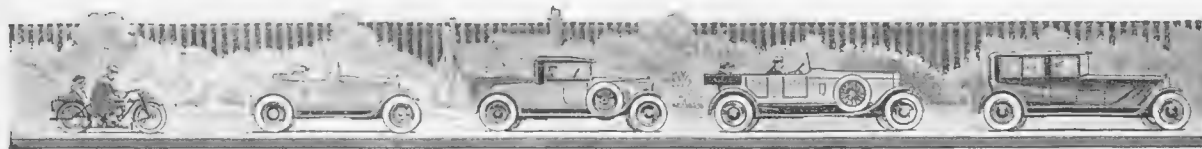
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English Visitors desiring further details or information will receive it free of charge by writing to Madame Hénou, Villa le Palis, Rue des Roses, MONTE CARLO.

THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

A Striking Economy.

Most of you have probably forgotten all about the Geddes axe in London by this time; but the recent financial crisis has inspired us with the same kind of sudden passion for national economy in Paris, and public officials are busy cutting down everybody's salaries and privileges except their own. There is even talk of abolishing the Government monopoly for making matches and taxing the private manufacturer of them instead. If the reform is carried through, it may not make our matches any cheaper, but they will probably light when you strike them, and British residents in Paris will be able to give up haunting the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix on the look-out for chance English acquaintances over for the week-end from whom they can borrow a box of the real thing. Besides, the English visitor will be able to give up the risk of all sorts of severe penalties in smuggling matches into France by concealing them all over his person, so that the Customs officer at Calais has only to tap him smartly on the waistcoat to set him into a blaze.

Rodé Comes to Paris.

If you ever went to Petrograd before the war—you would have called it St. Petersburg in those days; and now it appears that, having grown accustomed to Petrograd, you will have to learn all over again to call it Leningrad—well, if you ever went to the place, you probably heard of, and frequented if you were rich enough, the Villa Rodé. It was one of the most famous, perhaps the most famous, of the restaurants where Grand Dukes gave legendary supper parties to ladies of the Imperial Ballet, and where champagne flowed like water. The

Russia of the Grand Dukes has now pretty definitely emigrated to Paris, where the half of it which is not starving seems still to find enough money to make the champagne flow, if not like water, at least like *vin ordinaire*. So Adolf Rodé, who has emigrated like the rest, will shortly open his restaurant here. He has taken a house in the Rue Penthievre, and he is at present busy decorating it in sumptuous style. By the month of May you will be able to go there and imagine yourself once more in the good—or bad—old days of pre-war Russia.

The Diablerie of 2 a.m. Paris.

Maud Loty, in the new play at the Capucines, has once more shown herself to be (as I told you last week she would) the most typical exponent of the *diablerie* of midnight—or rather, two-in-the-morning—Paris. This Paris lives in new places, and its heroines have new names. For it the boulevards are no more. The centre of raffish Paris is the Rue Caumartin in the afternoon, and the Rue Pigalle in the evening and early morning. The café is no more. Raffish Paris lives in luxurious places called bars, with deeply upholstered settees, and is no longer served by *garçons*, but by "barmen." The *demi-mondaine* is no more. In the raffish Paris of to-day she is a "poule." Well, Maud Loty is the "poule" incarnate—insolent, familiar, and enjoying herself all the time. It is her obvious joy in the whole business which—together with a real talent for acting—makes this four-foot-high piece of impudence such a success in the theatre. She almost persuades us to sympathise with that odd world of bankrupts and blackmailers which apparently represents the Paris which enjoys itself. Certainly she persuades us to laugh heartily

with her world—in which task she is no doubt aided by the authors, Yves Mirande and Henri Géroùle, who know it so thoroughly. Note, by the way, that M. Géroùle has the courage to go back to the old French habit of spelling his Christian name with an "i" instead of a "y." It is hardly necessary to tell you anything about the play, more than to say that the first act passes in the "poule's" bed-room, where everybody meets, and that the scene of the second is laid in a very characteristic bar. Everyone lives on borrowed money, except the few fools who lend it; and the borrowers—who are, of course, the sympathetic characters—are only saved by the providential death of somebody's rich uncle.

The Controversial Comédie Française Production.

Paul Reynal's new play at the Comédie Française is talked about a good deal, chiefly because a number of people protest emphatically at every performance against certain expressions which are used in the violent quarrel between the father and the son in the last act. The title of the play, "Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe" (which is, of course, the tomb of the Unknown Soldier), shows its intention, which is to express, through the mouths of one woman and two men—for these are its only characters—the tragedy of the war. It is an ambitious subject, and Paul Reynal has marked the divergence of feeling between the front line and the rear with such force that he was bound to shock somebody. The controversy has excited the critics so much, indeed, that some of them have forgotten to point out the one cardinal fact about the play. It is very earnest, but it is dull.

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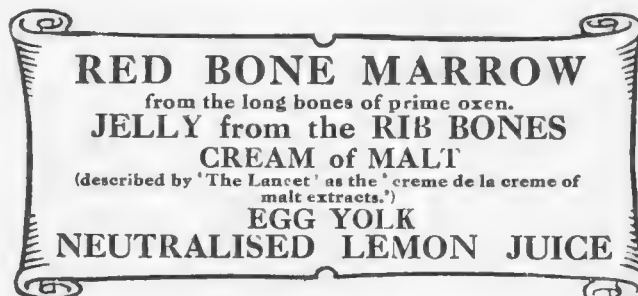


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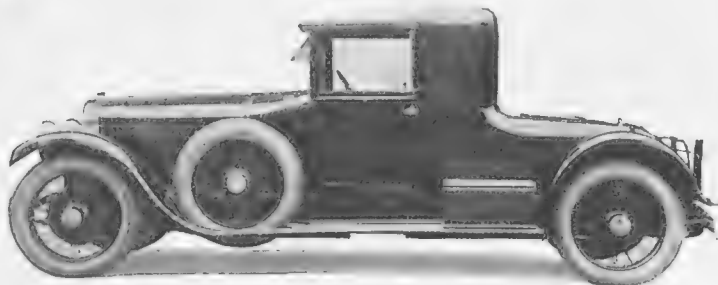
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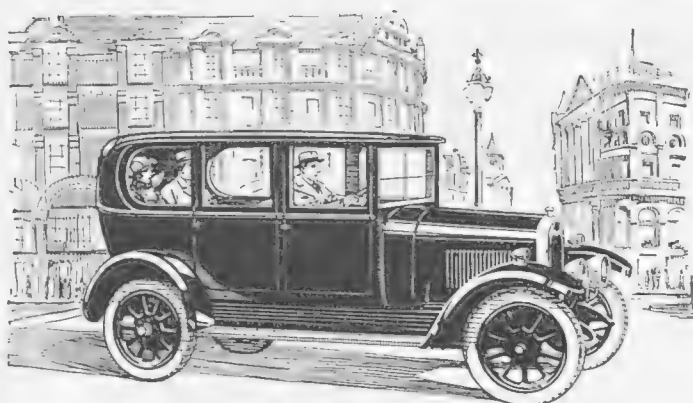
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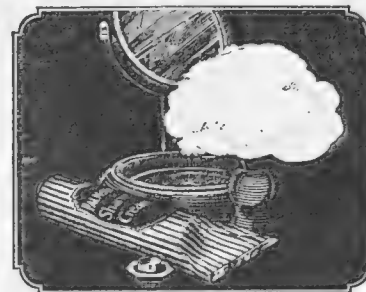
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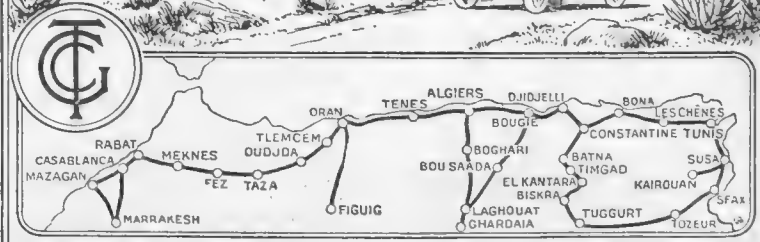
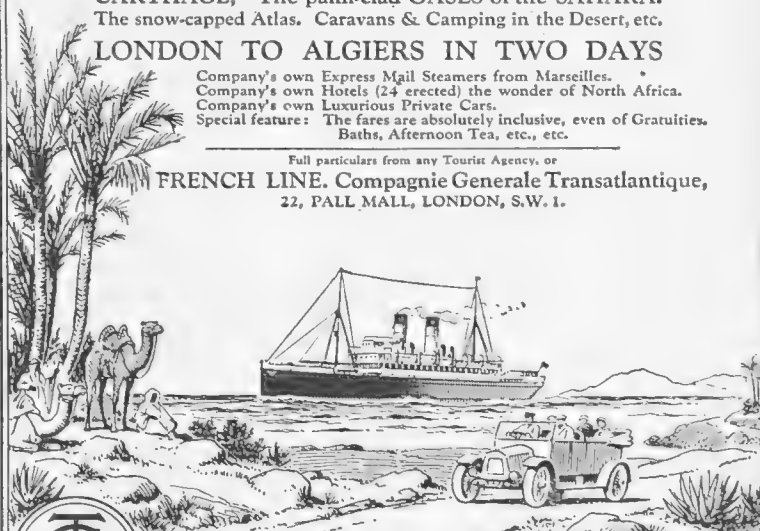
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BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XXXV.

THE WEAK ONE NO-TRUMP CALL AGAIN.

I HOPE I shall be forgiven for returning to this subject again. My excuse for doing so is mainly because I think the call so useful, and, it being a bit of a hobby of mine, I want readers to consider it seriously, and also to take this my opportunity of acknowledging the severe slating I have received from sundry scribes for advocating the call, to say nothing of the unkind remarks cast at me by various partners for my "absurd calling." I have managed to withstand these attacks, however—I am still sitting up and calling, despite the pious hope expressed by a writer in a certain paper that "he [that's me] will be severely punished for making the bid"—that will learn him (me again), so to speak. I forget the actual words, but they amount to this: so far as bridge calling goes, I am a hopeless lunatic, and the only hope of my regaining sanity is that I take a severe knock to the tune of 600 or 700 penalty points in return for bidding a weak no-trump. I fear so far said writer must put up with disappointment, for I have not yet received that hopeful knock (though I did indeed lose a small slam on my declare, at a loss of 350 points and at a save of game and rubber, making the net loss nil), and I still call a weak no-trump as dealer, so that all there is to it is that I must remain a hopeless lunatic.

Seriously, though, the bid is a real good one, and what the adverse critics either can't or won't see is that its great value lies in its defensive qualities.

No trumps is so ingrained in the card brains of these old-fashioned players as representing, since it is the most expensive, the most powerful play, that they fail to see how it can possibly be played without the most powerful cards. I remember reading somewhere "the object of all bidding should be ultimately to reach a no-trump contract,"

which may be true; if so, what an advertisement for the weak original no-trump call. It immediately prevents the other fellow from "ultimately" reaching no trumps by taking the words out of his mouth.

In the old days of bridge, under the old count indeed, a man pal of mine told me how he had been playing bridge the night before at a private house, and that on each occasion when he was dealer he bid a no-trump blindly without looking at his hand. So successful was his blind bidding that his opponents called upon him to desist, saying it was not fair to bid without looking at your cards. It must be confessed that the opposition was none too strong, and it may be that the luck ran all one way, but still it is a pretty good example of how sound this bid is, when opponents refused to have any more blind calling, hoping, no doubt, that a suit might be bid instead, and that they themselves might get first run at no-trumps.

Yes, the no-trump is the most expensive, the most powerful, the *summum bonum* of the declaration. It is also the most amusing, and, I think, the easiest game to play. Surely, therefore, as a defensive measure it must be a sound proposition to stop the other fellow from having the call; and the only sure and certain way of getting one no-trump away from him is to get it yourself.

But the original one no-trump must be looked upon purely as a defensive business. It is not an offensive call or an indication of strength, as is one heart or one spade. If critics would only look at it in that light they would very soon come to see its value. They will do so in time, of course; it is amusing to notice how they always *do* come to see certain new points about the game in time, but they take a longish time about it; but no doubt, like the men of old, they do not begrudge the time. And until this time does come it is as well to warn one's partner that—

The original call of one no-trump by either dealer or second caller—

- (1) Means little or nothing in the way of a hand.
- (2) Must not be too lightly supported.
- (3) Must on no account be unnecessarily raised to two no-trumps.
- (4) Must not be taken out on weakness.
- (5) Must always be taken out on strength, and into any suit. The stronger the hand the more readily must the no-trump be taken out.

Finally remember—*A hand can easily be too weak to take out a no-trump call, but it cannot be too strong.*

"The Royal Blue Book," which is one of the indispensable works of reference for all Londoners, has now been published for over a hundred years. It gives the names and addresses of those who live in the "residential parts of town"—a vast area which is bounded by Hampstead, the Chelsea Reaches of the Thames, Bloomsbury, and West Kensington. In the 1924 edition which recently made its appearance, a map of London is included, and the usefulness of the book has been greatly enhanced by the fact that for some years past it has been the practice of the publishers to insert telephone numbers in the Alphabetical Section.

One of the most useful of reference books has just made its appearance in the form of Dod's Peerage for 1924. This is the eighty-fourth appearance of this well-known work, and in deference to the undoubtedly large demand for a work of reference of handy size and reasonable price, the new Dod has been reduced to most convenient dimensions, and now costs only 7/6. It contains, however, all information usually required when one turns up the name of a titled person, as it covers the date of birth and marriage of all Peers, Bishops, Peeresses in their own right, Peer's Widows, and those who bear courtesy titles.

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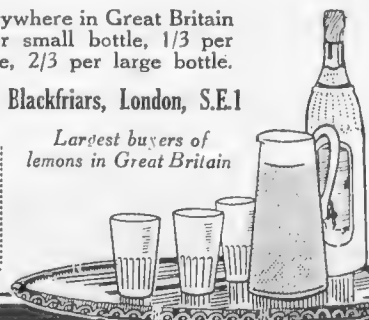
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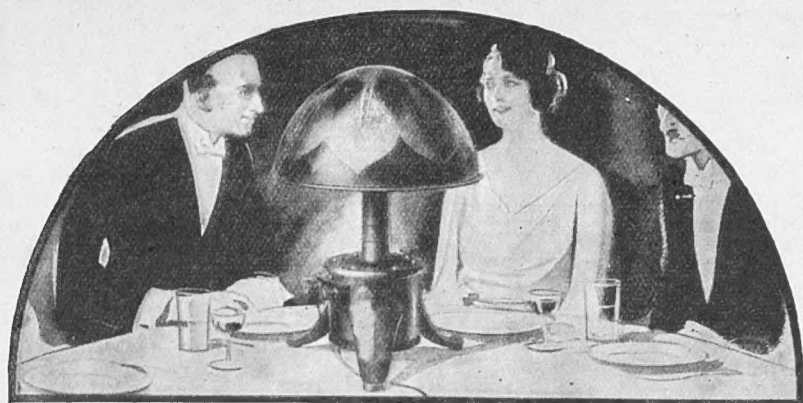
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"Kelso," as illustrated, well cut and finely tailored in choice ranges of Scotch Cheviots and Homespun.
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A "BEAUFORTSHIRE" BUDGET.

February Fun. That spring feeling again! Better early than never! We've all quite cheered up, and the period of reaction which invariably follows the New Year festivities has been succeeded by a burst of entertaining, on a smaller and more intimate, but not less delightful scale. Fox-catching has proceeded merrily, too, on a succession of sunlit, splendid days, with just that keen little tang in the air to lend them zest. Everyone enjoyed the Longtree Barn day; especially the *bonne bouche* at the end; meaning the hunt from Park Bottom, rather than the hospitality dispensed at Nesley to the hot and thirsty, though the term aptly applies to both finishes! The should-be race-horse stuck his toes in rather firmly at times, despite the oburgations of the gallant Hussar. They say hounds ran like smoke in the wild and woolly country on the Bath side next day; but hardly anyone was there to see. Lady Worcester was busy opening a bazaar down at Swansea; and a very excellent little speech she made, they say. It is better to draw a kindly veil over the giddy gyrations of the Christian Mallord day; and there was not much scent in the Sodbury Vale Friday, which brings us to Saturday's crowd at Easton Grey. That seemed to aim at defeating all records. It took nearly half an hour to decant them over the bridge near Hyam, and the ford in the Gauze brook, 'frinstance! The squeezed and struggling home-birds of Beaufortites almost wept in their despair. Vain must be their hopes of ever glimpsing their very own hounds nowadays! Oh, dear! And Master, suffering from the extreme pressure, expressed all their pent-up feelings on the

subject with great fluency several times, which was a sort of relief, really!

Some of the Many.

We were all interested in Miss Meeking, Lord Apsley's fiancée, whom he was escorting; and very neat and businesslike we thought she looked on a horse, too. "Burghie" was in great form, after his owner-trainer coup with Phaco at Sandown the day before—and at least "eights" about it, too. Mrs. Keith Menzies was out, as were her husband and brother-in-law, Colonel Stuart; whilst Captain Ian was motoring with Lady Portarlington and Lady Loughborough. We regret to have to state that the pink horse disgraced himself, with his noble owner aboard—not to say, overboard. Captain Kenneth Shennan, of the Blues, was decidedly prominent at one time. He, by the way, is converting a picturesque ruin at Easton Grey into what promises to be a charming hunting-box.

A Chapter of Accidents.

An appalling series of disasters marred the Saturday. Miss Christie Lambert, who everyone declared had broken her collar-bone, escaped with a bruised shoulder. Then we beheld the frightening vision of a Red Indian on the war-path galloping by—but it was only George, absolutely coated with mud from cap to toe, after falling into a bog in the Fosse. The Duchess, after contact with an overhanging branch, had two teeth knocked out and her lip badly cut—a most painful and unpleasant accident, poor lady! Then Captain Cropper, of the 14th, was badly crushed by his horse rolling on him when he fell; and it is feared he has been seriously injured. He was taken to Malmesbury Cottage Hospital, and his relatives and a specialist were wired

for. The next victim was Mr. Rooke, of Chippenham, concerning whom rumours of a broken back were mercifully modified by later reports into a case of torn and jarred muscles. No one knew when his turn might come; but gloom was dispersed at a small, but needless to say very amusing, party, "somewhere in the Sodbury Vale," which put a cheerful finish to the week.

The 1924 edition of "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionship" has appeared, this being its 211th year. The absolute accuracy and splendid completeness of the information contained in "Debrett" is so well known that it need hardly be referred to; and this year's issue is, as usual, edited by Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilrige. The preface of "Debrett" is always well worth reading; but this year it offers even more points of interest than usual. For instance, the romantic fact that, in three of the recent Royal weddings, six of the contracting parties all have Plantagenet ancestry is recorded. The following are the details explaining this statement: Richard Duke of York (the Protector), is the ancestor of the present Duke of York, Lady Mary Cambridge (now Marchioness of Worcester), and Princess Maud (now Lady Maud Carnegie), through his son, Edward IV. He is the ancestor of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and Lord Carnegie, through his son, George Duke of Clarence, and of the Marquess of Worcester through both. Other interesting topics dealt with in "Debrett" are the calling out of abeyance of various ancient baronies, including that of Cromwell, and the restoration of the historic post of Keeper of the Castle of Stirling, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Mar and Kellie, K.T.

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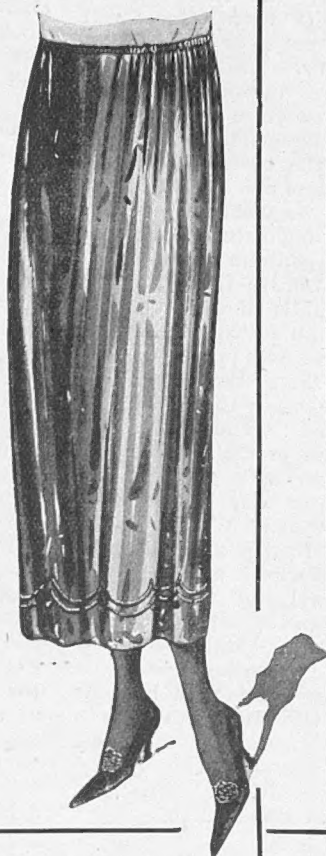
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AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

AN ALL-BRITISH FILM WEEK.

FEBRUARY 4—a momentous date in the annals of the British film industry—has seen a great, and on the whole a very successful, effort on the part of producers, renters, and exhibitors. Indeed, everyone at all concerned with the cinema would seem to have responded gallantly to the trumpet-call of the British National Film Week, and cinemas all over the country have opened their doors to all-British films. Without competition there is no progress; therefore this movement on the part of the British film trade should not be regarded as an attempt to shoulder foreign competitors off the screen, but as a convincing proof that the British film has definitely and worthily entered the lists.

The exigencies of the film trade have apparently not permitted a simultaneous release of a very large number of so-called "première productions." Many of the pictures available for these special weeks have been showing for some time, and have already been reviewed in these columns. For instance—to pick at random from an overflowing basket—the Gaumont Company's capital film version of Sir A. Conan Doyle's thrilling story of "Fires of Fate," and the charming Betty Balfour film, "Squibs, M.P." Some have enjoyed pre-releases at certain West End houses. Thus one recalls Michael Morton's engrossing "Woman to Woman," admirably adapted for the screen and very well played, which ran for a fortnight at the Marble Arch Pavilion, and now generally released. Others, again, will make a belated

entry into the arena, amongst them the fine Novello-Atlas film, "The Man Without Desire," which, owing to the lasting success of "Scaramouche," will not appear at the Tivoli until February 18.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that a very fine array of British films will enable filmgoers in all parts of England to support home industry. They will not only convince themselves of its tremendous development, but will recognise that we now possess a sincere and independent art, able to hold its own with the best. Neither in scenic effect, in largeness of conception, nor in accuracy of detail need we yield the palm to any other country. Our big historic films have the enormous asset of genuine backgrounds. Tradition lends a glamour to the old castle walls and heather-clad hills in which are set such fine films as "Bonnie Prince Charlie" (a Gaumont film), "The Loves of Mary Queen of Scots" (Marble Arch Pavilion), and "Becket" (a Stoll film, with Sir Frank Benson playing the lead). Tradition seems to imbue the actors and producers with the atmosphere of the historic page they are reconstructing. Many of our comedies—I need only quote the excellent W. W. Jacobs films, with their truly British humour; and the "Audacious Mr. Squire," starring Jack Buchanan, which should not be missed—have welcome elements of freshness and originality of idea in them. Moreover, most of them avoid the tiresome knockabout business so often masquerading as humour on the screen. From the Hepworth studios come two delightful comedies of the right sort—"Boden's Boy," and "The Naked Man" (an unattractive title, I think), to which I shall return in due course.

Australia sends us a picture entitled "A Gentleman in Mufti" (Gaumont Company, Ltd.), which will appeal to those who like a simple tale of love and sacrifice. The film is well acted, and the Australian settings are interesting and novel. Mr. Arthur Fanchert plays the central figure—Bil Garvan, a dock labourer, whose one ambition in life is to make his daughter a "lady." Sacrifice and humiliation beset poor Bill's path, but he manages to land his pretty daughter safely in the arms of her high-born lover, though he has to deny his parentage in order to secure his child's happiness. Australia evidently likes its sentiment laid on thick; but all the same, Mr. Fanchert's performance is sincere and pathetic; he shows, too, an engaging sense of humour in his efforts to live up to his daughter's friends.

A most attractive variant of the travel-film, called "This England" (a Napoleon film), should be noted. It takes us on a tour through England, and ingeniously peoples the various places of interest with the historic figures connected with them. Drake plays his famous game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe; Shakespeare calls on Anne Hathaway in her thatched cottage at Stratford; and Pickwick arrives with his gay companions on a coach at the Bull Inn, Rochester. When they have played their brief parts, these glorious ghosts fade away, leaving the scenes of their activities as they actually exist to-day: a very happy idea, and a production fraught with the right spirit of Old England, that may take a long time "muddling through," but gets there in the end—the spirit that has brought the British films slowly but surely to their present standard of achievement.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE.

("THIRD-CLASS?" queried The Lino-type. "Are you writing this? Or am I?"

"No insults, please," retorted the machine. "Now do your worst.")

"Clients' business is as confidential in our office," said The Manager, "as it is in a solicitor's. And much more than it is in a Government department. But some of our people do take the bun. One of them wrote yesterday and asked if he had been credited with the September 1913 dividend on Canadian Pacific. Nineteen-Thirteen, mark you!"

"What gets over me," said The Transfer Clerk, "is the way that people lose their certificates. They sell stock, swear they've never had the certificate, and then, when you turn up their own receipt for it, they coolly say they must have lost it!"

"After which, Letters of Indemnity by the dozen, and goodness only knows what else besides," groaned The Correspondent. "Of course, we always get the thing through in time, but often it's the very devil of a job!"

"Some people are awfully fidgety about their specs," added The Unauthorised Clerk. "If I don't let 'em know every sixty-fourth change in a price, they go off the deep end and—"

"What do you say to them?"

"Say? Oh, of course I *always* say, very politely, 'Now, look here, Bonzo, you go and take Ovaltine and calm down.'"

"Phosferine might be more useful to some of our clients, to tone up their nerves and pull them together when their shares go down."

"One man sent a couple of hundred State Express for me, and a big box of Kunzle's chocolates for my wife, at Christmas time," said The Manager.

"Did you pocket the impertinence?"

"With me, it ended in smoke. And he has still got his Shells."

"My boss is telling our clients to keep Shells till all's blue," said The Correspondent. "Other Oil things as well, such as Burmahs and Lobitos; even Anglo-Persians, he says; will go better."

"If only the Mexican Eagle could strike a few wells—"

"Wouldn't that strike the bears? What a rise we should have!"

"Like unto that which hath descended upon the Tea Market of late," The Unauthorised Clerk observed. "My arm hath well and truly ached with the effort of constantly revising my list of tea prices."

"There's more reason for the rise in tea than in some of the other things round the markets," The Authorised Clerk said sagely. "They overdid that Labour Cabinet rise. Too hot, altogether."

"But it couldn't have been due entirely to bears. Look at the way that investment stocks went up. People don't sell bears of Railway debentures, or Insurance shares, or Gas stocks. Yet the prices of all these have jumped, same as Courtaulds, Tobacco shares, Rand Mines—"

"There's not the speculative account open, of course. But jobbers can get caught involuntary bears, and then—what about it?"

"Yes; there's that, of course. And Kaffirs were awfully cheap. I bought ten Rand Mines for my mater, and made three quid on 'em in a week. She was so pleased that she gave me a new fountain-pen—Swan, my boy. . . . What's the matter, old chap?"

"Oh, nothing," answered The Unauthorised Clerk. "But wouldn't it be almost as comfortable if you put your left foot on the floor instead of resting it on my favourite corn?"

"Hoity-toity! Getting uppish, aren't we?" exclaimed The Typist. "Shall I order you one of Minty's arm-chairs, so that you can come up in ease—not to say luxury?"

"Not a bad idea. Take it out of your profit on the five Randfontein that you didn't sell a bear of the other day, and—"

"Now, boys, drop it," interposed The Manager. "A very little back-chat is like the little British Army—it goes a damned long way. So back-pedal."

"I was going to ask you," said The Correspondent, "if you've got much of an account in Home Railway stocks. I have to do the Clearing Sheets, and last contango day there were more than we had sent upstairs for months and months."

"Shows that the public are taking a greater interest in the stocks."

"Or that you escaped being fined as much as usual. Ten bob for an omitted Sheet is too much, I think."

"Our people have been buying quite a lot of Berwick Deferred and Brum. They have some tidy profits, too."

"Are they selling yet?"

"No, the duffers! Always take a profit—that's my motto."

"And a very good one too. Keep the Sabbath, and anything else you can lay your hands on."

"That's what I feel about my 'Varsity chair," was The Unauthorised Clerk's parting shot. "And throw in a few of those electrical heating gadgets from Rowentas. Jolly useful, some of 'em. Good-bye, all."

Friday, Feb. 8, 1924.